CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. L. NO. 40. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1922. 5 CENTS A COPY.

HARRY R. GRISSINGER - '22

America's Best All-Around
Fiction Magazine

CHICAGO LEDGER

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VOL. L. OCTOBER 7, 1922. NO. 40.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.
Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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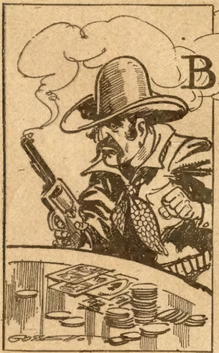
No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 41

Bigler's Barometer

by Sam Davis



I EXISTED contemporaneously with Bigler in Virginia City, and recall the circumstance with some little degree of pride.

We all had our vices in those days, and while not mentioning my own, I will take the liberty of stating that gambling was Bigler's.

His never-ceasing desire to make to make merchandise out of the bad judgment of other people was notorious, and I am frank to admit that on more occasions than I would care to enumerate I have fallen a victim to his extraordinary tendencies in that direction. Yet I feel that a proper regard for his memory compels me to say that in his halcyon days he scorned the slightest approach to underhanded play on his own part, nor would he tolerate it for a single moment in others. I recall, as I write, how he once killed a man who had cheated him at cards at the Ozark saloon at Carson City, the place of my present abiding. He had lost a couple of thousand, for which he cared little, when he chanced to learn, by the merest accident—he was not the man to go prowling about searching for ill of his kind—that his antagonist had resorted to the desperate extremity of nailing a rabbit foot under the table where the game had been in progress, hoping thereby to reap unfair advantage for his own unworthy ends by hoodooing his opponent.

It was this reliable revelation that caused Bigler, after several minutes of mature reflection, to return to the scene of his undoing, and shoot a hole into Miles Hickey, which, according to the report of the coroner's jury, resulted in the death of the latter gentleman. Next day when before the magistrate, he remarked that his case was of such a nature that he would need no attorney, and making a statement of the simple facts as near as he could recall them, was interrupted during the recital, by the information that he was discharged, as the honorable court had no further business with the case except to read a sharp reproof to the officious district attorney for obtruding it upon the court, at a positive expense to overburdened taxpayers. Even the plea of the dead man's attorney, that the deceased had a large family to support, was swept aside by the court as having but scant relevancy to a matter which was pure and simple self-defense, and nothing else that the court knew of.

The killing of Hickey, however, did not seem to satisfy Bigler, as it did not bring back the money he had lost, and he seemed to think the State should reimburse him. As no move was made in that direction, he vowed that, as cheating was recognized in Nevada, he should in the future take care of himself, and other people could do the same.

He lost at cards and he lost at stocks, and finally had to hire himself out to Jack Bradley as a common hostler. They had known each other in the mines, and been chummy in the old days, but Bradley had become a millionaire now, and there was a gulf between them. The only common ground they met on was the inborn disposition each had to gamble on anything that possessed the slightest ingredient of chance.

Bradley considered himself something of a weather sharp, and liked above anything to bet on the possibilities of a rainstorm. He used to bet Bigler a month's salary or any part of it on the weather, and Bigler, being dead game after the manner of his class, never failed to come to the center when bantered by his employer. He sometimes won, and sometimes lost, but in the long run found that he was working for Bradley for nothing.

Noting the habits and peculiarities of Bradley, he made an important discovery. It was nothing less than the fact that a few days before the weather was bad Bradley became very logy in his walk, and that prior to clear weather he was light headed or "nutty," so to speak. Pondering on this circumstance, Bigler figured out the scientific reason of it. Bradley had worked in a Virginia City pan mill before he was wealthy, and had become salivated with quicksilver. In this way he had been transformed into a human barometer, a natural product, as one might say, and much more reliable and sensitive than the manufactured article.

The way in which the quicksilver mounted to his head or settled in his lower extremities was a most positive indication of weather events; the prognostication never went astray, and his spirits rose and fell with the mercury.

After Bigler had figured this down to an allspice, he came to the center in great shape when his employer wanted to gamble on the weather. But he went into the game intelligently and with proper forethought. He let Bradley win a few small bets while he was experimenting with his system, and then lay back for big money.

The system worked like a charm, and when he was losing his money, betting the wrong way on purpose, he felt happy, for he knew just what a fine financial future was ahead of him. He allowed himself to lose so many times that he finally got odds of ten to one, and then he made ready for his series of grand coups.

When he saw Bradley getting gay and predicting that the old United States, before the end of the year, would be a member of the League of Nations, he considered it about time to bet on fair

(Concluded on Page 20.)

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER

by VICTORIA GREY

Readers having problems which they intend to submit to Miss Grey are advised that the response to her department has been so generous that several months will elapse before answers to queries coming in even at this date can be printed. Many questions thus far sent in are duplicates, however, of others, and perhaps YOUR problem may find its answer in the solution of some one else. If you have a problem it will pay you to watch this column.

DEAR MISS GREY: I am to be married some time this fall or winter. As we live in a small town, I want to have a small church wedding. 1. Is it proper for the bride to go in on the arm of her father and meet the groom? 2. Which side of the groom must the bride stand on? 3. Can artificial orange blossoms be bought already made or must they be made at home? 4. Does a bride lift her veil on entering the church or at the altar? Hoping you will answer these and thanking you very much,

A HAPPY BRIDE-TO-BE.

1. Yes. 2. The bride stands to the left of the groom so that his left arm is nearest her. The best man stands on the groom's right and the bridesmaid stands on the bride's left. 3. They may be bought at artificial flower stores and in some department stores. They are somewhat expensive. 4. The bridal veil should not cover the face, and so it does not have to be lifted. The veil, however, is removed before the reception after the wedding. I hope there are loads of good things in store for you. Here's to your happiness!

—

Dear Miss Grey: I am a boy 16 years old, tho large for my age, as I weigh 136 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches high. My mother and father parted when I was 10 years old. There were six in the family, four boys and two girls. Mother left and took my two sisters with her. When I became 12 years old my oldest sister came back to see us, but while she was with us we got a letter that they were expecting my mother to die; so my father sent both my sister and me back. My mother got well in three months after I came to her. My three brothers were in the army and when they got out none of them went to father. Two of them came to mother and the other one got married and went to keeping house. That left father alone and I don't know whether he is in the old home still or not. But none of his children will stay with him. You understand, don't you, Miss Grey? I hope you do.

Well, mother died April 29, 1920. My youngest sister got married a year after and now my other sister has gotten married. That was two weeks ago and she has not returned. And now one of my brothers is going one way and one another and I don't know where to go and want to ask the advice of a nice young lady because I have been reading your answers and so I wanted to ask you. Could you tell a lonesome boy like me what to do? But if you can't, dear Miss Grey, please tell me the best you know; but I know you can. So, if you don't mind, just put my answer in the column, if you will. Help me if you can and I will surely thank you for your kindness to young people and old ones too. I am a lonely boy and don't know what to do or where to go. From one that loves you for your kindness and takes you for a friend.

E. McG. R.

You are nothing but a little child, dear, but just because you are 5 foot 7, your brothers and sisters cannot realize it. Mother wouldn't have deserted you, would she? My heart bleeds for you.

The law, you know, would make you go back to your father and would compel your father to care for you until you were 18 years old. But I can realize how you feel in that respect. I, myself, should never accept the bounty of one who had not treated my mother with kindness.

Do you know what I should do if I were in your place? I should get myself a job. If I couldn't get one in my home town, I'd get one in a neighboring town. Be a grocery boy or a telegraph messenger or anything to start with. You can always look out for a better job later and at your leisure.

Your height is in your favor, and most people will not suspect you are under age. Then I should get a room in a nice family. I should fill my room with the things I love. I should get all sorts of books and if there weren't a public library in town I should soon save up enough money to go to a town where there is a public library. In fact, I have been able to have it investigated and found thru the kindly efforts of the young lady in the information at this library that there are Carnegie public libraries in Durham, Greensboro and Jamestown, N. C. When you have gotten installed in your cozy little room, go to the library some evening or afternoon and apply for a library card at the main desk and draw out just the books you like to read. If you like story books of adventure, take those home and enjoy yourself every night after work with them. If you like stories of the sea, get that kind.

Tho it is a bitter experience to be set adrift at 16, yet it has its compensations—in fact, its good points, I might almost say, its charms. For when most boys begin to fumble around to find some means of livelihood, you will be so much ahead of them. You will have found what you are best adapted for and will be already started upon it, and the other boys your age will be envying you. It is an undertaking, indeed, to "go on your own" at 16, and if you can do it successfully, you are an unusual lad. But I think you can do it. If you do succeed, think how glad your mother in Heaven will be! I should be glad to hear from you regularly and do anything I can to help you.

—

E. B. C.: I think it would be best for you to work a half year more with the determination to save up enough to clothe yourself for the rest of the year. Start school the next term if this is possible. Or if no class will be started for another year, why work until next year and go on. A business girl has much better chances and gets better pay if she can show a high school diploma. Take a stenographer, for instance. A fairly well educated "boss" wants a stenographer to whom he can dictate without fear that his stenographer does not understand what he is saying or what he is talking about. For employers want employees who can "get" them, as business runs much more smoothly that way. But, in fact, there is not a place or position in life where having an education will not make you enjoy yourself more, and where you will not get more out of life on account of it. So, even if you do get left behind by your class, it will be worth it in the end. People will admire you everywhere for overcoming your own difficulties.

—

Discontented B. J. H.: I am sorry I did not get to your letter sooner. Read answer to E. B. C. above. I sympathize with you and know you must feel an uncongeniality at school on account of not getting along so well. But stick to it for three years more, dear. You don't necessarily have to keep up mathematics. History is very entrancing for your type. As for your music, every one has a musical instrument right in her throat and that is the voice. So, for three years, you can satisfy your musical craving by singing. Close the door, get up on the arm of a chair and sing as tho you were on the stage! You can get a lot out of it. As to your longing for travel, you can get a lot of novels. Conrad's stories of the sea, for instance, and stories that have foreign countries as the places where they happened. So, you can go to India and Japan, to Paris and to London in your arm-chair every evening after your lessons are as done as you can make them. Only be sure you don't fail to pass, for you would waste a whole year and that would prolong your own misery.

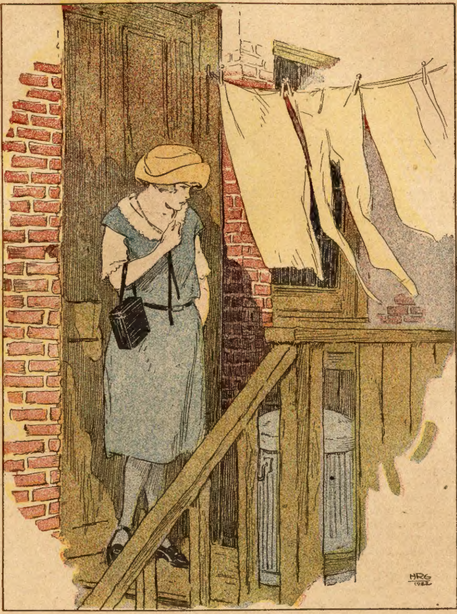
For your own information, a great many people find themselves thoroly disheartened as they finish their first year at high school. But they generally get pretty interested about the middle of the sophomore year or sooner. Hold out, and you'll most surely be glad, when you have that diploma tight in your hand. Then you can get a better paying position and start lessons in earnest on whatever instrument you like best or on the voice. And you'll never regret it!

—

MRS. C. S., H. S., Miss Hazel P., Blanche, Brown Eyes, Eliza, Bernice, Unice, Sweet Sixteen, Disgusted With Life, Tessie King, Mabel Green, X. Y. Z., Mr. Very Anxious, Betsy Jane, Baby, Pete, A Fool, Mr. F. Y., Impatient, G. S., Reddy, S. V., Miss J. N., Longing: See my talk in today's Ledger. It is written for you and people with your affliction. For those of you who have asked other questions, they will be answered also, a little later. I wish good luck to all of you and hope the talk will prove of service.

For Love of a Hick

By Anita B. Smith



She Hesitated, Her Hand on the Door Knob. Thru the Thin Partition She Heard Marthy's Voice and Old Peter's Hoarse Monotone. She Clutched at the Roll of Bills in Her Bosom.

LOTTIE was awake when the first faint sunbeam stole in at the single cobwebbed window of her bedroom. Its feeble rays illumined the grimy, dingy little cubby hole of a room, the narrow bed, the pallet on the floor, the tousled heads of the brats, Lottie's half-brothers and sisters who lay there fast asleep. But it was not for the sight of any of these that Lottie waited. Breathless, her eyes eager, she watched that feeble sunbeam creep nearer until it paused, clung, fascinated, to a tiny microscopic diamond on her left hand.

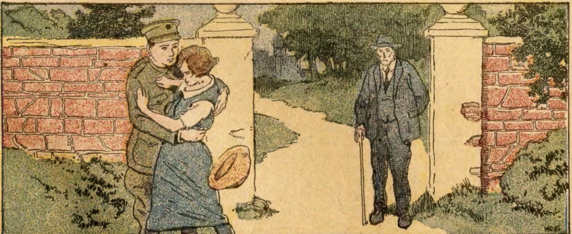
It was true! Lottie closed her eyes, her breath came fast for sheer joy. It was true! She had not dreamed it. It was there, that slender little gold circlet with its tiny sparkle, Dan's ring! She had but to close her eyes to see him, his honest face bright with shyness as he slipped it on her finger. Dan's shyness was wonderful to Lottie. No one in her world was shy or timid; no one had ever treated her like something precious, to be handled reverently, because she was a girl. Lottie's heart contracted. Dear honest, awkward Dan, and he loved her, wanted her for his wife, had applied for his discharge, and when it came, they were to be married, to go off to the farm, Dan's farm!

His father had just died and the farm was his alone, a great huge place, all of forty acres! Lottie's heart dizzied at the thought of such expanse, and an enormous farmhouse, five rooms with a hall and porches. Lottie quivered with delight. There were ducks and geese and chickens and flowers! Lottie kissed the tiny diamond passionately. Lottie was homesick for the farm; Lottie, who was town-bred, who had teethed on a bit of asphalt, who had been crooned to sleep by the multitudinous hum of the city, who had shot up like a slender vivid-colored weed from the dust and grime and filth of a crowded slum.

"Lottie! Lottie! you lazy shirk, get up!"

It was her stepmother's, Marthy's, shrill high voice. She stood on the threshold a moment, a stooped angular woman, a fierce wolfish creature with wispy hair, prematurely gray, and sharp biting eyes; a vicious-tongued shrew, whose temper had been soured by force of circumstances. Marthy hated Lottie, her stepdaughter, hated her fresh young beauty, hated the girl's ability to make, by comparatively easy toil, more than Marthy made by breaking her back from early morning to late night over the washtub. She hated Lottie's superior education, superficial as it was, she hated old Pete, her husband, who beat her when the notion struck him, which was whenever he could lay his lips on whisky.

At times Marthy even hated the brats, her offspring, her five children, scrawny, ill-favored little wolves, who had sucked hatred from their mother's breast. They snapped and snarled among themselves, snapped and snarled at Lottie, snapped and snarled at Marthy, snapped and snarled at old Pete, when he was not in his cups.



A Harsh, Dry Sob Ripped From His Throat. He Caught Her to Him, Pressed Her Fiercely Against His Breast.

There was always a baby, a little puling weakling with watery eyes, scrawny feeble hands, and blue lips. Young Pete, the oldest brat, sold papers. He was a vile-mouthed little street rat who smoked cigarettes surreptitiously. Liz, a wizened little round-shouldered creature, helped Marthy with the washings. Patrick and Katy, the youngest, sometimes tended the baby; sometimes they did not.

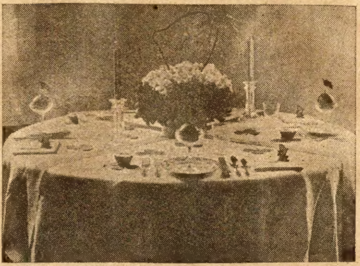
The brats slept in Lottie's room, except the baby, some on the floor, some on the bed with her. The window in this crowded little cubby hole of a bed chamber looked out upon a stinking, filthy airshaft, from which at all hours of the night arose quarreling, rasping voices, the voices of drunken men, slattern women, ill-tempered under-nourished children.

There was only one other room. It was somewhat larger. Here slept Marthy and old Pete and the scrawny blue-lipped baby; here Marthy bent over the steaming washtub from dawn till nearly midnight, at times. Public schools had given Lottie a fierce taste for cleanliness, had rendered the dust and grime of her home actual torture. Often she tried to tidy up, but Marthy called all that foolishness, and allowed the brats to tear up quicker than Lottie could clean, and old Pete, her father, a bleary-eyed, bloated old reprobate, railed at bathing and tooth brushes and germs as inventions of the devil—all blanked foolishness.

But old Pete railed at everything—the rich, the Government, the plutocrats, capital, prohibition, and especially woman suffrage. Old Pete

Whetting the Appetite.—No. 9.

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures



Centerpiece for Luncheon Table

THE centerpiece for the luncheon table illustrated is a round box covered with shirred white crepe paper and filled with a boquet made of strips of green crepe paper and white crepe paper ten inches in width with the upper edge scalloped about three inches deep and then twisted between the thumbs to form petals. These strips are wound together at the unscalloped end with wire and then fastened to the inside of the box. A harp made of wire and covered with gold paper, and with tinsel for strings may be placed in the center of the top and the top tied with a green maline bow and tinsel. The nut cups are covered with shirred green and white strips of crepe paper and then pasted on clover leaves cut from green matstock. Other clover leaves and strips of green and white paper, clover leaf and harp place cards, green candlesticks and a little green flag stuck in the top notch of each fruit cup carry out the decorative scheme.

The illustration shows the table properly set with the fruit cocktail spoon on the extreme right, the soup spoon next and the dinner knife to the right next to the plate. The dinner fork is next to the plate on the left, and outside of that is the salad fork. It is not good table etiquette to place too many pieces of silver on at one time. After these pieces of silver have been used, the silver accompanying each course may be placed on the table as the course is served. The water glass is placed at the point of the knife; the napkin to the right with the place card put on the top of it. The nutcup is put to the left of the plate, but it could be put at the top and also be properly placed.

These decorations could also be used for a musical luncheon.

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waxed fairly violent on the subject of votes for women. He never worked, considered it much beneath his dignity to go after the washings or assist Marthy in any way, and yet, subsisted entirely off the wages of his wife and daughter. He was rabid against any one who was at all successful, spent most of his time on a bench outside the corner grocery, with others of his kind, where his harsh rasping voice was continually raised in bitter denunciation. He had never been known to give Lottie or Marthy or one of the brats a kind word.

As Lottie sat in her place that morning at the crowded oilcloth-covered breakfast table, she was so conscious of the microscopic diamond on her left hand she felt sure its sparkle would draw every eye, but Marthy was busy, between cuffs, feeding her quarrelsome brood; the brats were ravenous, with eyes only for the mess of stew and porridge on their plates, and old Pete, sunk elbow-deep on the table, did not once raise his heavy eyes.

Lottie was disappointed and, yet, in a way, relieved. She feared old Pete's wrath. Lottie was a telephone operator and the sordid little household sucked up her weekly wages like a great baked sponge. She was not sure how old Pete would take her marriage and consequent withdrawal from the family finances. Not that it made any difference. Lottie meant to marry, just the same.

It was with a sigh of relief that she snatched up her coat and hat. It was always a pleasure to Lottie to shut the door behind her on that snapping, snarling, grimy room. As her hand touched the door knob, however, Marthy glanced up quickly, deep furrows between her drawn brows.

"Today's pay day, ain't it? Don't forget, the whole envelope!"

Lottie flushed, her lips opened rebelliously; she had hoped to hold out on that pay envelope; there are things every girl wants when she's to be married, but Marthy glared at her fiercely, and she gulped, nodded her head, slammed the door behind her and plunged down the rickety stair.

The day outside was fresh. Lottie drew deep draughts of the pure air into her lungs. Sunbeams glinted in the tiny diamond on her left hand. Again she kissed it passionately, and, with a little song in her heart, set off rapidly, her shoulders swinging with the unconscious grace of the young animal.

SHE was a slim, straight young girl with that lack of figure for which millionaire dowagers would pawn their diamonds; very even white teeth, short straight black hair, a clear peachblow skin, and vivid young lips. You have passed her a dozen times in an hour, anywhere, on any main street in the U. S. A., singly or in groups, slim lissome young creatures in absurdly short skirts, flat heels, and gay-colored tams; bright-eyed, bright-cheeked young creatures, ridiculously full of life and vim and youthful vitality.

A pretty, very typical young creature Lottie, with a hot temper, which she had never seen the need of controlling, an Irish gift for taking a bargain basement skirt and a yard of crepe de chine and getting the effect of a $39.50 model upstairs; quickwitted, resourceful, given to slang and chewing gum, with an avowed passion for Wally Reid and Doug Fairbanks; a telephone operator since the day she passed the fifteen-year limit—such was Lottie when she met Dan. He was a new genius, the country-bred, a soldier out at the barracks, and she fell for his quaint shy courtesy, his slow awkward speech. He was something so genuine, he was a revelation to her frivolous sham-loving little soul. For the first time she grew ashamed of near-silk hose, gauze waists, lipsticks, and rouge. And—she gave her first kiss to Dan. That night she scrubbed her face fiercely clean of cosmetics.

If it had been somewhat neglected at home, Lottie's "sparkler" came in for due notice at the office. Pearl, who worked next to her on the switchboard, observed it instantly, almost before Lottie had time to plug her first call. Poor Pearl! Lotie felt sorry for Pearl. It was thru Pearl she had met Dan. He had taken Pearl out several times, to the park, the pool, once to the dance hall, but after the first glance, he had deserted Pearl's side for Lottie, and he had never gone back. Poor Pearl! Lottie's heart ached that morning for any girl who had lost Dan.

"My soul!" said Pearl, with a snap of her eyes—Pearl's eyes were the snappy kind, black and rather shallow, slightly opaque—"When did you make the rise?"

Lottie blushed brightly. Her left hand flattened a little, just a little, so that the sun glinted to somewhat better advantage on the microscopic diamond.

"My Gawd!" said Pearl snippily—she was rather a snippy young person—"you don't mean to say you're going to take that hick?"

Lottie colored, but did not lose her temper. It would have taken a great deal to make her lose her temper with that bit of a diamond winking at her. Poor Pearl! jewelless!

"I'll say I am!" she trilled happily.

"Hum! no cows and chickens for me!" declared Pearl. "The bright lights and the jazz boys for mine!"

She wriggled each shoulder suggestively.

"Say, Lot," she said after a while when there came an instant's pause on the board, "that hick must have searched this burg over to find that huge stone! Where'd he get it, off'n a punch board out at the barracks?"

Lottie smiled imperturbably. Poor Pearl! she was taking it rather hard. Of course the diamond was a little small, it wouldn't need a dimmer, but, and Lottie's lips curved tenderly, she would have cut off her slim rounded white arm for it.

When they had their time off—they were on four hours, off two—Pearl wound her arm about Lottie's waist and drew her down on Main street. Pearl was looking at "summer furs."

"I prefer mink," she said with an air, "but my lieutenant says I'd look swell in squirrel."

Dan was only a private.

Pearl was alone. She had no snarling, snapping family to soak up her wages like a dry sponge. She affected jade beads, extravagant earrings, fringed skirts, and red patent leather pumps. She had a tiny bedroom with a tiny bed and a tiny dressing-table with a tiny mirror, but it was all her own, and Lottie had often frankly envied her. Pearl was always advising Lottie to pull out and go on her own. Pearl, according to her own account, was something of a financier, and she always had a "friend" who contributed generously of show tickets, cold drinks, and Houbegant's toilet water.

Lottie looked on a bit wistfully as she watched Pearl fingering and pricing dainty pieces of lingerie. Lottie wanted things desperately. She resolved fiercely to hold out on her pay envelope; there are things every girl wants when she marries.

When Lottie started home in the evening Pearl called to her sharply from the wash room where she was applying the lipstick and eyebrow pencil with a generous hand.

"Say, Lot, what cha doing tonight?"

"Nothing," said Lottie listlessly.

Dan got in only every other night.

"Meet me at Fifth and Main at 8," said Pearl. "My lieutenant is going to be up at the Hyperion with a pal. He told me to bring another girl."

Lottie shook her head.

"Sorry, Pearl, can't."

She turned to go.

Pearl flushed with irritation. She needed Lottie. The younger girl's fragrant youth was attractive to men. Pearl herself was a bit worn, her skin beneath the rouge frankly sallow; there were dim crow's feet beneath her hard black eyes. The lieutenant had said, rather cruelly, he wanted a "chicken" for his pal, not "an old hen."

"Aw, what's eating you?" she snapped crossly. "Dan can't get in tonight. What's the reason you won't go?"

"I promised Dan I wouldn't go to any more dance halls," said Lottie evenly, her fingers unconsciously twisting the slender gold circlet on her left hand.

"That hick!" cried Pearl scornfully. "Oh yes, I'd let him spoil my young life! How do you know he's not breezing out himself?"

Lottie shook her head.

"I know," she said simply.

"Well, if you come to your senses before 8," said Pearl, "meet me at Fifth and Main."

When Lottie reached her grimy two-roomed home on the third floor of the tenement, she hesitated, her hand on the door knob. Against the warm flesh of her breast nestled five one dollar bills! She had tucked them there fiercely. The pay envelope, rifled, flattened, protested from her pocket. Thru the thin partition she heard Marthy's shrill rasping voice, old Pete's hoarse monotone. For an instant she vacillated, clutched at the roll of bills in her bosom, then, setting her lips in a hard twisted line, she entered.

Marthy glanced up quickly.

"Late again!" she rasped thru her broken teeth.

Lottie made no reply, dropped into her seat, ate silently, her eyes on her plate. Marthy, intent on her snarling brood, did not glance at her again. Old Pete did not raise his heavy eyes.

When the meal was finished, however, and the brats scattered out over the floor and on the fire escape, Marthy suddenly darted a sharp glance at the girl's averted face.

"The pay envelope, the money, where is it?"

Lottie silently handed the yellow envelope to her stepmother. Her heart stifled her with its frantic pounding while Marthy, with shaky fingers, roughened and reddened from years in hot suds, broke open the flap, drew out the slender roll of bills.

"Why—it's—there's—it's not all here!"

Marthy rose to her feet, her face working hideously at each broken gasp.

"It's not all here, I tell you!" she cried, turning on Lottie, her limbs a-tremble, her flat breast labored.

One glance at the girl's guilty face told Marthy the truth. She leaped across the room, caught Lottie by one shoulder, dragged her about so she could gaze into her frightened eyes.

"You—you——" her voice trailed off into an unspeakable stream of abuse—— "you held out on me!"

The tumult aroused old Pete. He came heavily to his feet, stared about him with blearing eyes, a bloated, lowering old man.

"Do you hear?" screamed Marthy, beside herself with fury. "She's held out on us, she's held out on us, the——" again her voice trailed off into a vicious stream.

"Held out, eh?" old Pete glared like a maddened bull.

"She's dared to keep it out and here we are, another young 'un coming and her with her fine clothes and her easy job and me working my fingers to the bone!"

Marthy sniveled in a very ecstacy of misery.

"Another young 'un!" Lottie could have cried out. Her soul revolted. Another miserable, scrawny undernourished baby with blue lips and watery eyes!

"Here it is—take it! Oh, take it, and let me alone!" she cried, drawing the precious roll of bills from her bosom. She thrust them into Marthy's trembling hands, snatched her hat from the nail, brushed past her father's bloated figure into the darkness of the rickety stair, into the darkness of the summer night.

The fresh air cooled her hot cheeks, dried the tears from her eyes. Where to go? Back to that hideous hole from which she had fled, where cursing, rasping voices filled the night, and scrawny quarreling brats snapped and snarled on the floor? She shivered convulsively at the thought. And when Pearl came to the corner of Fifth and Main at 8 Lottie was there.

"Hello," said Pearl, laconically. She was not surprised to find her there. It was not the first time Lottie had been driven by sheer misery from her hideous cubby hole of a home to seek relief in dance halls and public parks. "Come on, let's go."

THE Hyperion was a large much windowed dance hall on the top floor of an old office building. It was fairly cool in summer and there was an excellent orchestra. The floor was already crowded when they arrived and Pearl's "friend" and his pal were waiting near the entrance.

Lieutenant Wales was a thick, heavyset fellow with thin blond hair and lips somewhat thick and loose.

"So this is the chicken you promised?" he said, beaming on Lottie with a warmth that made her vaguely uneasy. "I'll say she's a chicken, eh, Danvers?"

Danvers, "Vinson Danvers, a theatrical man from Chi," as Lieutenant Wales had introduced him, smiled fulsomely. Both men had been drinking. The lieutenant's face was flushed. He would have chucked Lottie under the chin had not Pearl, somewhat sharply, whisked him away. The music began and they danced.

Lottie instinctively disliked the too florid lieutenant and felt even less drawn to his pal, the theatrical man from Chi. Vinson Danvers was a slim, almost womanishly graceful man, past middle age, with proturberant blue eyes, and sleek gray hair, foppishly brushed to a point. He was fastidiously dressed, his hands, were too slim and white, his lips too red.

"You dance beautifully, ma cherie," he purred in Lottie's ear. "Where do you dance?"

"Where?" Lottie stared at him blankly. "Where?"

"What theater, I mean. Or is it cabaret?"

"Say, Mr. Theatrical Man from Chi, what do you think I am? I dance with my tongue not my toes. I'm a hello girl, not a dancer."

"You don't—you're not a professional? Don't tell me you're just an amateur."

Lottie eyed him sharply.

"I just told you," she said sharply.

"But this is remarkable, your grace, your skill, your ease. I never saw such dancing off stage. Here, you!" They had just finished the dance and approached Pearl and the lieutenant. "This young lady insists she is not a professional."

Pearl's shallow black eyes snapped.

"Of course she's not," she snapped tartly. "She's a hello girl, like I told you."

"But she's great. In Chi she'd be a sensation, her name would be in white lights, Carlotta the Great, perhaps, who knows!"

"Say, let me have this dance, can't you?" began Lieutenant Wales, a bit unsteadily. "I'd like one with her."

He would have drawn Lottie out upon the floor had not Pearl, sharply enough, interfered.

"Say, you!" she said fiercely, "she's for your pal. I'm your date."

Danvers continued to rave. Lottie lost interest. Little she cared for her name in white lights, little she cared for anyting except Dan and a little farm and a white washed farmhouse with cows and chickens and ducks and flowers. Her indifference piqued the man. He raved on. In the taxicab on the way home he repeated his glowing promises.

"What do you know about this young lady?" he said to Pearl. "I can't even interest her in white lights and a star's part."

Pearl sniffed.

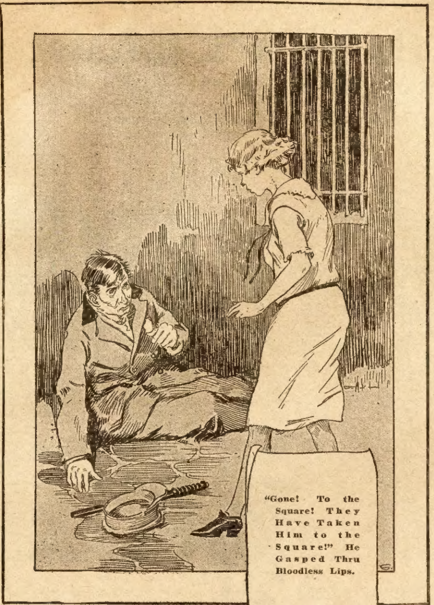
"Aw, she's in love with a hick," she said. "Got his ring on, but you'll need a telescope to see it."

Lottie tried to snatch her hand from Danvers' womanish white fingers. He twisted the tiny diamond about, jeered at it, sucked in his breath thru his too red lips.

"Come to Chi, ma petite," he entreated, "and I'll put diamonds big as hen eggs on every finger!"

But Lottie was not interested. At Pearl's door, where she was to spend the night, however, Danvers bent and, with a maudlin smile, kissed her hand.

"If you change you mind," he whispered, "come to Chi, present this card at my office."



"Gone! To the Square! They Have Taken Him to the Square!" He Gasped Thru Bloodless Lips.

He thrust into her unwilling hands a small card engraved with his address, upon which was scribbled in an effeminate hand, "Please admit—V." Lottie, smothering a yawn, thrust the card into her pocket and slammed the door in his face.

Neither girl talked very much as they prepared for bed. Lottie was wondering if Dan would understand why she had broken her promise and gone to the dance hall. Pearl's eyes were bitter, her lips hard.

As she settled herself beside Lottie on the narrow bed she snapped waspishly:

"Remember, tomorrow's my day off. Don't wake me when you get out. I want to sleep till noon. My Gawd, I can scarcely hold my eyes open."

Before Lottie could reply she dropped into heavy stentorian breathing. Lottie could not sleep. She wondered what Dan would say. The tiny diamond pricked her hand reproachfully. She had broken her promise. He need never know unless she tell him. She need not tell him. She stirred, turned restlessly. She would have to tell him.

The girl at her side flung her arm, muttered something in her sleep, turned heavily. Lottie's lip curled in the darkness. Poor Pearl, jeweless! At that moment the sleeping girl flung out her arm again.

"Dan! Dan!" she said distinctly.

Lottie started, grew rigid at her side. Pearl muttered unintelligibly. Lottie listened, her heart beating fast.

"Poor Lottie, poor Lottie, poor little fish!"

Lottie raised herself on her elbow, stared thru the darkness.

"Did she really fall for that bunk, Dan?" the sleeper went on. "My Gawd, but you're the slick old thing. I never believed you could do it. The drinks are on me."

Lottie shook with nervous anger. That fiery hot temper which she had never seen need to control lashed her with scourges tipped with flame.

"But I don't love, you, Dan. I'm sorry. I couldn't live on a farm. The white lights for me."

The inexorable voice went on, low yet horribly distinct, almost sepulchral, in the midnight stillness.

"Don't take it so hard, Dan. Ask some other girl. I'll introduce you to a nice kid, that little Kelly girl, Lottie."

Lottie tried to cover her ears, but that deadly voice battered down her resolve. She had to listen.

"Only don't play too far with her, she might believe you, the farm and everything. She's never had a case. She might fall."

Lottie drew back her fist. For an instant she burned to crush the murmuring lips.

"Poor Lottie, poor Lottie, poor little fish! She fell for it! She's wearing the ring! You win. Dan! The bet's off! I give in! But you'll have to tell her the truth some day. Poor Lottie, when she learns the truth!"

Pearl laughed, a low jarring laugh, turned on her side. Lottie sprang to her feet. Waves of anger swept over her, tingling blood-red waves of fury. Pearl spoke no more. Lottie, gasping for breath, stared down at the immobile figure. Pearl and Dan! Dan had deceived her! He had trifled with her, had never meant to marry her! It was all a bet! Lottie's fierce young hands tore at her aching breast.

"Poor Lottie, poor Lottie, poor little fish!" she cried to herself thru acrid lips.

Stiff, rigid, she sat huddled on the window ledge till dawn. She could not bring herself to lie down at Pearl's side. With first ray of day she let herself out, tramped the streets with her misery, came, whitefaced, heavyeyed, to her place at the switchboard. All day she worked on mechanically, her brain in a turmoil. Dan had deceived her! Her world was in ruins! She hated Dan, she hated Pearl, she hated the diamond, but, most of all, she hated herself, poor Lottie, poor fish, that had let herself be taken in.

IT WAS a new Lottie who met Dan that night at their trysting place, the city park, on the edge of the river near the bridge where Dan came in from the barracks in a bus; a high-headed, reckless Lottie, with rouge thick on cheek and lip, voice pitched a little too high, laughter a little too ready.

She saw him when he first swung himself off the bus, a broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked young fellow in khaki, country-bred, with the blue of the open sky in his eyes. Her heart leaped in her breast at the sight of him. He was good to look upon. The diamond cut her soft flesh where she clinched her fists to her lips to hold back a smothered sob.

Deceived her, had he! Boasted he could make her fall for him! Lies, all lies. The farm was a lie. His blue eyes were lies. His kiss—a sob tore past her guarding lips—lies, all lies. She stiffened. She'd show him. She'd take the wind from his sail!

"Lottie!" He had seen her. He hurried toward her. Lottie swayed uncertainly. How could he be false? "Lottie! It's come, the discharge, I mean! I'm free on Saturday!"

He had reached her, his eager arms went out to her. Lottie bit her lips to steady them, backed away from his stumbling embrace, pushed his arms from her.

The fresh color faded from his face. He hesitated, stared at her confusion; his lips moved, but did not speak.

"Don't touch me!" said Lottie coldly.

All the light drained from his eyes.

"What—what—is it, Lottie? I don't understand," he stammered.

Lottie raised her brows coldly.

"Oh, let's have it over with, the sooner the better," she said sharply. "I don't love you, Dan; I never intended to marry you. It was all a joke."

"A joke?" The big fellow whispered the word piteously.

Lottie's heart fluttered, but her lips hardened. Lies, all lies, his white cheeks, his flinching lips, all lies!

"You didn't mean it"— he gasped—"you never meant it, the kiss, you did not mean it?"

Lottie shook her head.

A harsh, dry sob ripped from his throat. He caught her to him, pressed her fiercely against his breast. Lottie beat furiously on his arms, his face, his chest.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she panted.

Slowly, as in a daze, the big fellow released her. Across his shoulder in the path Lottie saw a man, a slender grayhaired old man with a cane, who was staring at them curiously. She scowled at his and he backed away toward the entrance.

"Here is your ring, your miserable little pin point of a ring," cried Lottie, tearing the bit of a diamond from her finger and thrusting it into his hand.

Dan stared at it blankly a moment where it glistened, in the faint light of a street lamp, on his palm; then, without a word, slung it down at Lottie's feet and stumbled away, almost blindly, his shoulders hunched.

Lottie stared after him until he disappeared along the winding path. Tears welled up from her heart, great bitter tears. With a sob she flung herself to her knees, picked up the tiny diamond, thrust it back on her finger, kissed it passionately, bathed it with her tears.

A step startled her. Some one was approaching. Swiftly she darted across the grass, dropped down shuddering behind a clump of shrubbery in the most deserted corner of the park. At her feet stretched the river, majestic, inexorable, in its march to the sea. Between lay the railroad tracks which hugged the steep banks of the river for many miles.

Lottie covered her eyes with her hands. Her world was in ruins. She must go back to her squalid sordid home, to Marthy, to old Pete, to the brats, to her little cubby hole of a room on the foul airshaft. She would never escape. No farm, no whitewashed farmhouse, no chickens, ducks and geese, nothing! The future flew up and lashed her in the face. She sobbed. Her hand clinched in her pocket, closed on something stiff and hard. She drew it out, stared. Danvers' card! Her breath came fast. She would go to Chicago, but how?—she had no money.

A freight train slowly oozed from the freight yards, a long sinuous line of box cars, with a fiery head. The engine slowed down, blew cautiously, approached the bridge; the cars in its train wriggled, groaned, stirred, crept forward. Lottie stared at it, fascinated. Suddenly she gripped the iron railing that fenced off the park; her brained reeled with the shock of a sudden idea. She swung herself lightly over, descended the steep terrace that led to the railroad tracks, slipped, slid on her hands and knees with a sharp rattle of cinders to the level. She did not take time to think, had she stopped to think; she did not stop. An empty rumbled near. She reached out, clawed frantically at its side, hung sickeningly above singing rails, drew herself, panting, sobbing for breath inside. The engine ahead puffed, the cars rocked, swayed, gained momentum. Lottie cowered, covered her face with her hands. She was on the thru freight for Chicago.

She gasped, choked with terror, would have flung herself from the car, but the wheels were revolving rapidly, the empty swayed, hurled her to her knees, and, with a long shuddering wail from the engine ahead, the train plunged into the night.

After a while the choking terror wore away and she slept on the floor of the car, her head pillowed on her arm, tears on her long eyelashes. She awakened cold, cramped and hungry. It was day. She crep to the door of the empty, peered out. By the lake, gray, glistening, misty in the dawn. She knew she was near Chicago. The freight slowed down. They were already in the suburbs, a succession of pretty little villages, miniature Chicagoes, linked by tall, fiercely colored bill boards and gay interurbans.

It was very early. Few people were abroad. Lottie stared out fearfully. The engine ahead blew for a crossing, paused, caught its breath, the cars backed up, jarred, settled. Lottie slipped to the ground. She stared, terror-stricken, around her. No one was in sight. She fled blindly across the tracks, gained the sidewalk, sped down a deserted side street.

A man returning from night labor passed her, his coat and lunch pail on his arm, stared at her curiously. She forcer herself to slacken her pace. She was intensely hungry. She had eaten little the day before. She had less than a dollar in her pocket. From a baker

Continued on Page 15.)

Continuing a Strange Love Story Staged in the Algerian Desert.

Welding the Black Menace

By Augustin W. Breeden

What Has Gone Before—Characters That Have Appeared

HAROLD MORTIMER of New York, while strolling in the Bois Boulogne, Paris, chanced to observe a richly dressed veiled lady, evidently a woman of the Orient. As there was a certain indefinable air of distinction about her, he followed her to an imposing residence surrounded by brick walls and bronze grillwork. He made a note of the location and returned to the Cafe de la Paix, in Paris. There he met

DAN McDONOUGH ("Big Dan"), another American whom he had previously known—intimately. Big Dan took Harold to task for the way he was treating the beautiful

JULIA WENTWORTH, his fiancee, by remaining so long abroad. About the same time a group of five men sat around a mahogany table in the Hotel Crillon—a German, Russian, Turk, East Indian and a Japanese. At a small table by himself sat an aged man whose hair and beard were white as snow, one

DR. RHOOK, a famous man of vast learning. The five conspirators—Herr von Keller the Prussian; Ferishta Pasha the Turk, Bow da Rand the Hindoo, Dr. Hergoshima the Jap (like the Hindoo and Turk, a colored man), and Vronovski the Russian—were hatching a plot to spread Mohammedanism in the Congo and Soudan region of Africa, with the hope of setting the blacks against the British. French and Belgians, and eventually dragging the United States into this new war because of a similar crusade in Liberia, Uncle Sam's pet republic. Meanwhile,

LADY KHORASSEN EL JAMIL, chieftainess of an Algerian tribe, the queenly Oriental whom Mortimer had followed, looked at her wrist watch and wondered if the venerable Dr. Rhook would be strictly on time, as usual.

Mortimer trailed Von Keller to the residence of the veiled lady and found Dr. Rhook struggling with the Prussian, the lady highly alarmed. They had quarreled over crystal gazing. Harold interfered and the Prussian was ordered from the house. Lady Khorassen explained that she was in Paris to solicit government aid for her suffering tribe.

Three days later Mortimer, Dan McDonough, Sam Wentworth (engineer), Bud Sifert (a Texan), Dr. Rhook and Lady Khorassen were ready to sail from Marseilles to Tunis.

Herr von Keller was lingering about the Hotel Imperial, in disguise, when Sam Wentworth was brought in in a dying condition. Police had found him in the yard of the Prussian's rented mansion. The American engineer had been fatally shot.

Two months later, Mortimer and his companions, including a number of laborers, were well settled in El Jamil. Lady Khorassen's tribe numbered about twenty thousand people, mostly ignorant and superstitious. Big Dan's chief worry was Harold's growing infatuation with the Lady Khorassen, who now wore her veil constantly. She was often with young Mortimer, and she herself was a little less than 22 years of age—and beautiful. However, she resented Harold's first kiss and pleadings that she become his bride. Harold then avoided her and buried himself in his work.

Up to this time there had been no attack by the Berbers or other foe. Lady Khorassen sought Dr. Rhook's advice. The aged prophet seemed to have his heart set upon a union between the chieftainess' and Mortimer. The lady, herself, had a heartfelt pity for the American girl, Julia Wentworth.

A German airplane appeared over El Jamil. Harold had sent to Marseilles for planes, but this was not one of them.

This story began in No. 38, the Ledger for Sept. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER X.

THERE was great consternation in the tribe of El Jamil for the next few days. Going to pasture was indefinitely delayed, and every night the criers prayed for general rains in the Kifar so that the cattle and camels would not have to be driven far to grass. And every day the soldiers drilled, with a goodwill now, since their officers explained to them that they might expect an attack from the Boches and Franks at almost any time now.

Meanwhile the two planes for which Harold had send Hobson and Dawkins did not arrive and no word whatever was heard of these two. Had they met with the same fate as poor Sam Wentworth? Who could say?

And then another circumstance occurred which had to be looked into to Harold and Dan. A young French civil engineer, Alcibiades Trajean, had rigged and set up a radio receiving station, thinking to amuse himself of nights with news from all the world. He had rigged rather powerful antennae, and suddenly found himself getting news from Marselles, Rome, Paris, and London, by radio telephone. And then in the midst of a polyglot conglomeration of sporting and political dope and grand opera, he began to get, very distinctly, a certain something that he could not in the least make head nor tail of. As compared with the other voices this one sounded as if it were somebody just outside his tent. The words were in French, but with a queer foreign accent, but the messages made no meaning whatever. One which he managed with difficulty to take down in shorthand read something as follows:

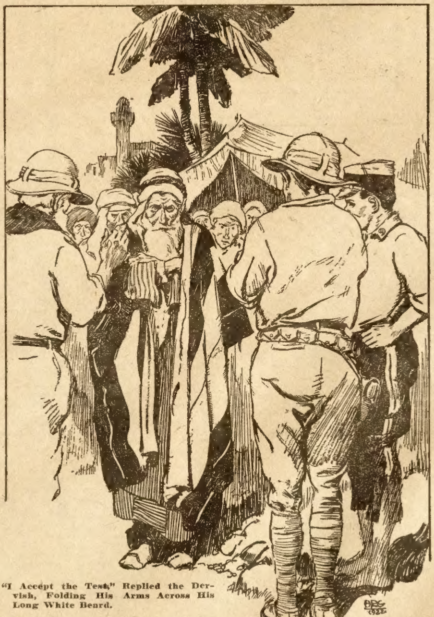
"The eggs are now in the incubator. If a storm comes the chickens will be safe. The owl is still sitting on the nest of the unfledged eaglet. But when the rodents go gnawing for food an eagle will pluck his feathers for him. The ptarmigans are being cooped for shipment south. When the gardener has watered the garden they will moult and change their plumage and seek new mates. Meschach, Shadrack and Abednego are still asleep; Gog and Magog are still dreaming."

The young man who took this had had some experience as a wireless operator during the World War, and he knew a cipher message when he saw one. At midnight he hailed the tent of Harold Mortimer, and when he had aroused the American handed him the message, explaining that he had just caught it on his radio.

Harold read it over thoughtfully. He could see no sense whatever in it, but he had a feeling that it meant something very sinister for the Tribe of El Jamil and especially for Lady Khorassen.

"What do you make of it, Trajean?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied the other. "If it had come from up in France it might have been just family gossip about a poultry yard and some pets; but let me tell you, Mr. Mortimer, it was ten times as distinct as the stuff I got from Rome and Paris. It's somebody here in the desert, and it is certainly a cipher. I thought you had better know about it at once; that is the reason I disturbed your sleep to bring it to you."



"I Accept the Test," Replied the Dervish, Folding His Arms Across His Long White Beard.

"You did right, Trejean. Go back to your station, sleep, if you don't mind, with the receiver at your ear and a pad and pencil at hand. Any time this same station starts sending take down everything they say. Tomorrow I will find another stenographer among the poilus and you can relieve one another. I thank you for bringing this message. You'd better rush back now; good night."

Within five minutes after Trajean had left Harold and Dan were bending together over this queer message. But Dan could make no more of it than Harold.

"Let's take it to Dr. Rhook," suggested Dan. "If he can't decipher it, nobody can."

They saddled their mounts and rode six miles to the Lady Khorassen's oasis. It was 1 o'clock by the northern pointers, but the old sage was still sitting up, reading some ancient manuscripts by the light of a smoky native sham'ah, or tallow dip.

"Ibn ben Mortimer," said the old sage, speaking the native tongue, which was his habit, "this message is clear as day. 'The eggs are now in the incubator' means that the dervishes are everywhere preaching the Holy war. I know that to be a fact, because a dervish has only today arrived to me from the Oasis el Mishmish, and he has heard the preaching, altho he himself is not in favor of it at this time. 'If a storm comes the chickens will be safe' means that so far they have nothing to fear from the French government. 'The owl is sitting on the nest of the eaglet' means that I am still in your camp. The next line is equally clear; as soon as the Tribe of El Jamil scatters for pasture, they will swoop down in an airplane and carry me off. 'The ptarmigans are being cooped for shipment south' means that German and Russian girls are to be used in this campaign of dishonor as outlined in Paris. The 'gardener' is Allah, and the 'garden' is the Sahara. He refers to the July rains. The rest is simple and means, France, England and Belgium have not suspected our plans. Paris and London are still unsuspicious. He is undoubtedly broadcasting this information to his agents in Paris and Berlin and Moscow and no telling where else."

"Dirty crook!" was all the comment Harold Mortimer or Big Dan made; but the next day Harold found an assistant for Trejean, and thereafter they took everything that this station in the desert had to say, and Dr. Rhook was kept pretty busy decoding it and filing it for the information of the allied governments when the time should come to reveal the nefarious plans of Von Keller and his gang.

Meanwhile the prayed-for rains did not come to the Kifar, and the herdsman did not move to pasture, altho it was raining in the Tell and the mountains there were getting greener and greener around their bases every day. Instead the tribe were instructed to kill and eat of their starved sheep and cattle, and assured that a supply of food would be sent down by the Franks as well as stock to replace their beloved herds. And every day the scene presented more the appearance of a military camp than of the camp of a tribe of peaceful herdsmen.

And then one day a dervish from the East came into one of the villages and began to preach the Holy war. This man performed miracles. He ate fire. He made a circle of half-mad devotees kneel and writhe—by means of a strong electric battery concealed under his cloak; and he produced nearly as much excitement among the ignorant as had the appearance of the airplane.

It was then that for the first time since that memorable interview by the fountain Harold Mortimer sought an interview with Lady Khorassen. She received him in state in the formal manner, on the divan, which is the seat of justice in Algerian tribes. Harold noted that she was very pale, that her oval face looked pinched and that her eyes appeared the least bit sunken.

"Lady Khorassen el Jamil," he said, using his most formal manner, "a dervish is in the village preaching a war of abomination. This louse is the tool of the wolf, Von Keller. If you do not forbid him he will make apostates of your own tribe. He performs conjurer's tricks to fool the ignorant herdsmen. I beg of you that you have him seized and have him whipped till he confesses who his masters are."

"If he is true dervish, oh, Ibn ben Mortimer, I can neither have him seized nor have him whipped," replied the Lady Khorassen in an official tone. And Harold, being thus addressed as all the tribesmen addressed him, and hearing that tone and those words, felt that Lady Khorassen was purposely putting miles and miles of distance between them.

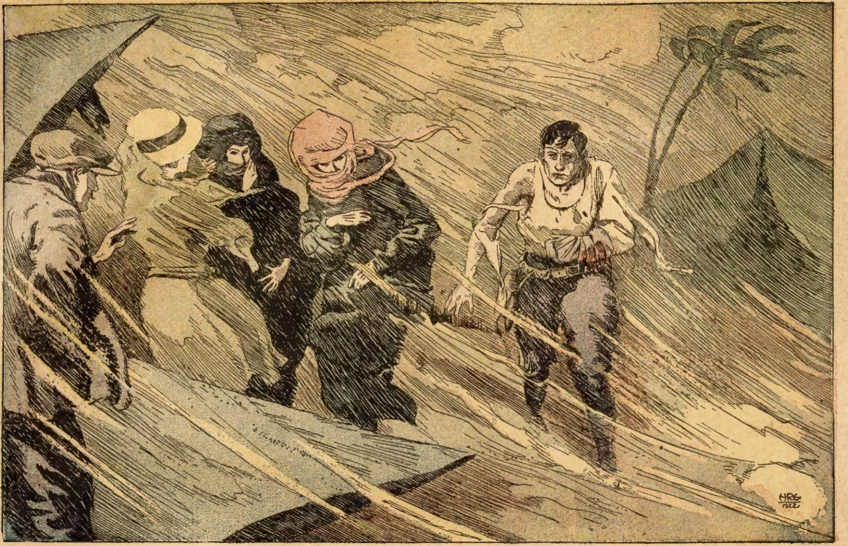
He suddenly broke off from his solemn official style of speech, left off speaking in the native tongue and addressed her impetuously in French:

"But Lady Khorassen, this thing is monstrous, outrageous. You cannot permit your Mohammedanism to interfere with common justice. Has not Dr. Rhook informed you of the cowardly plans of that Prussian? He is daily planning an attack upon us. He tells his confederates openly that he aims to carry away the good old man. What he has not told them is that he will also kidnap you and carry you away either to become his enforced wife or suffer worse than death at his hands. I tell you this lousy dervish will either stop his pranks or a sudden accident will happen to him!"

"Ah, then, send him to me, Ibn ben Mortimer," said Lady Khorassen, still using her cold official tone. "If he is true dervish I can convince him that this thing he is preaching is an abomination, and that the blessing of Allah is not upon it."

"Oh, to the devil with your dervish and your Allah," cried Mortimer in good old American. "I will have him sent to you. But if you fail to silence him, then I tell you an accident will happen to him." And with that he stalked from her presence.

LADY KHORASSEN sent for the dervish and he preached to her, and then she questioned him in the presence of her own native priests and of her Uncle Mishna and Dr. Rhook. But honest or



There Suddenly Appeared to the Party Out of the Blinding Dust an Apparition. It Was a Big Man, Hatless, Coatless, Almost Shirtless. His Face Was Covered With Blood, and His Left Hand Was Wrapped in a Bloody and Dirty Rag.

dishonest, whichever he was, no argument of hers could shake his purpose to go on preaching the Holy war.

It was then that Harold Mortimer and Bud Sifert, the Texan, and the radio operator, Alcibiades Trajean, staged a little proseliting show of their own. They drew all the tribesmen of all the villages about the radio receiving station. Then Harold had one of the tribal meuzzins—who was faithful to him and who pretended to be strongly impressed by the teaching of the missionary dervish—announce that he would make the voice of Allah speak to them from a little wooden box. He thereupon put a dictograph record on a powerful-horned phonograph and the voice told them that the dervish was a false prophet sent by the devil and that as a test the dervish should kneel upon a certain praying rug, and at the same time hold in his hands two holy scroll cases—made of metal—containing the books of the Koran.

The ignorant dervish, who had never seen a phonograph and was unsuspecting of any trick, accepted the test.

At this Mortimer turned very white. "It is nothing short of murder," he said in English to Bud Sifert.

"What's the difference," answered Sifert. "War is only wholesale murder, and if this scoundrel goes on for another day our whole tribe may mutiny and murder every 'Frank,' as they call us, among them, and then Lady Khorassen will fall into the hands of that Prussian, Von Keller."

Mortimer wavered. Dan McDonough was not present to offer his advice.

Dr. Rhook stepped forward and begged the dervish in eloquent terms not to risk the test, as it was plain Allah was not pleased with him and did not favor this Holy war.

"I insist on the test, Oh, Turjoman Rhook," cried the dervish. "No fire will be sent from heaven upon me." He turned to the waiting mob of fanatics. "Children," he cried in a loud voice, "the Frank has proposed a test, and has by trickery made the voice of a false Allah say that if I kneel upon the praying rug and hold in my hands the sacred scrolls of your tribe fire will be sent from heaven to burn me to a coal. I now accept the test. If I come out of it unscathed I command you to turn upon every Frank now among you and put them to the sword. Will you do that for the holy cause of Islam if I come forth from the test unburned?"

"Yes, yes!" cried a thousand voices, and a thousand eyes full of hatred and suspicion were turned upon the white men in the presence. There were less than forty of them, counting the workmen from Marseilles and all. Fight for their lives as they might they would certainly be wiped out.

"For a second time," put in Dr. Rhook in his kindly voice, "I beg of you, oh, my son, to desist from this test. The Frank is powerful. The god of the Frank is great. He has builded him great cities and made for him powerful charms. He will send fire from heaven that will burn you to a crisp like a piece of lahm khanzir, swine flesh, that has been forgotten and left too long on the spit over a roaring fire."

"I accept the test," replied the dervish, folding his arms across his long white beard.

"We, too, accept the test," replied Mortimer coldly. He was dead white and the blood in his veins felt like icy water. He felt that here was an action that would probably estrange Lady Khorassen forever from him, but it was now the only way to save the white men he had lured into the desert and also to save her from the clutches of the Prussian.

Silence fell upon the great multitude, and as they felt they were in the presence of Allah they one and all fell upon their knees, while more than one began to finger secretly for the knife that every desert dweller carries beneath his clothing.

Trajean carried forth from his tent—where was concealed a powerful storage battery—the praying rug—shot thru and thru with bared copper wires connected back to the station. The meuzzen, still true to Mortimer, brought forward and laid upon the dry sand two metal cases each a foot or more long and nearly three inches in diameter. Tied about each was a long purple ribbon, twisted and dirty; and soldered to each below the ribbon was an insulated wire which ran back a few rods and seemed to trail upon the dry sand, but which was really grounded beneath the sand back to the radio station.

The dervish stepped forward and knelt upon the praying rug. Of course nothing happened. But the crowd, strung to the breaking point, let out a satisfied, 'Ia alaha all Allah!"

Dr. Rhook rushed forward with hands upraised. "I beg of you," he cried, "for the last time, avoid destruction!"

He was too late. The dervish with a great gesture to the crowd uttered a formula, bent forward and kissed the sand and laid both hands at once upon the two metal scroll cases.

There was a flame of electric fire, the two hands gripping the scroll cases were held high while the man still kneeled. Then he seemed to shake them at the mob before him, while his eyes bulged from his head, his head went back as far as the neck bones would permit and from his gaping mouth came the first word of the Allah cry, an automatic sound produced by the convulsive pressure of his diaphragm against his lungs: "Ia! Ia! Ia! Ia! Ia! Ia!" And with each "Ia" he seemed to make a gesture with the scroll cases.

Then to his horror Harold Mortimer saw Lady Khorassen leap thru the crowd toward the dying man. He leaped clean over the connecting wire and threw himself upon her, flinging her into a sitting posture upon the sand. At the same instant the dead man rolled over on his side, half off the praying rug, and Trajean, not thinking whether he were risking his life or not, snatched the rug from beneath him.

Lady Khorassen took one long, horrified look at the burned thing before her, the thing that had once been a dervish of her beloved faith, and fainted dead away.

Dr. Rhook stepped forward and addressed the tribesmen:

"Oh, noble tribesmen of the family of El Jamil, you have today seen the power of the Frankish god. Oh, my children, be wise. This Holy war is not approved by Allah. It is the work of the devil and the God of the ancient Israelites has today showed you that he is all powerful. From this day forth obey the Frank, who is the friend of your chieftainess, the Lady Khorassen. Be wise and prepare to fight the son of Shaitan, who will come out of the east to attack you."

As he finished there was a long, prolonged answer. "Yes, yes, yes," which blended into a roar.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE the thrilling events just recorded were taking place in the tribe of El Jamil other swift events were taking place. With the coming of June and calm seas on the Atlantic Mrs. Mortimer, Harold's stepmother, had persuaded her husband, who was no longer young, and who had been a little under the weather all the winter and spring, to take a yachting cruise across to France and around the coast into the Mediterranean if the time at his command permitted. They were both rather worried about Harold. The report of the manner of Sam Wentworth's death had not appeared satisfactory to them, and they knew instinctively that it had come about thru participation in some wild scheme of their adventurous son. They were therefore anxious to look the boy up and make sure that he was safe.

The yachting party was soon made up. Nina Mortimer gladly went along. Since she knew that wherever her brother Harold was found, Dan McDonough would be not far away, and Julia Wentworth was easily persuaded to go along, partly because she longed to for her affianced lover and partly because she, too, was interested in learning the real cause of her favorite cousin's death.

The party of four made a record trip across the Atlantic, put in at Southhampton and ran up to London to learn what they could; learned nothing satisfactory, put across the Channel to Cherbourg and ran up to Paris to learn what they could there. There they found that those they were seeking had gone south nearly three months before. For two days Mortimer, Sr., went to every place in Paris where information could be had and finally located his son definitely with the Tribe of El Jamil in the Kifar, several hundred miles south of Tunis.

He called on the American Ambassador to pay his respects and to get that gentleman to issue passports for Algeria and Tripoli for himself and party, and was just leaving for the American consulate in the Rue des Italiens with the Ambassador's requests to the consul for these passports when a clerk came in and said:

"I have a letter here, addressed, care of this office, to Mr. Mortimer of New York."

"This is the gentleman in question," said the Ambassador smiling.

The clerk handed Mortimer, Sr., the letter which he was holding open in his hand.

Mr. Mortimer began in an agitated manner to try to read the letter, but it was so poorly written and his knowledge of French was so scant that he had considerable difficulty making any sense even of the first line, which proved to be a request to the embassy to translate it and forward it.

He handed it to the Ambassador, who in turn handed it to his clerk to make a running translation.

"It is difficult," said the clerk after a moment. "I can only make a very approximate translation. It concerns your son, Harold Mortimer. It seems there is some sort of plot on foot by an unfriendly tribe to attack the tribe with whom your son is associated, and that the person who is writing it is apprehensive for your son's safety."

"Yes, yes, go on," said Mr. Mortimer.

"It is hard to make out," said the clerk. "The person who is writing it doesn't write like a French person, and was evidently greatly excited at the time of writing. There are, here and there, words that may be Arabic, they are certainly not French."

"Yes, yes, but what is the general meaning of what the writer says?"

"It is too difficult for me," said the clerk. "Mr. Mortimer, suppose you let me take it over to the Algerian colonial office and get you an exact translation and bring it to your hotel. It oughtn't to take more than an hour; I ought to have the translation in your hands right after luncheon."

"That is best, Mr. Mortimer," advised the Ambassador, and Mr. Mortimer agreed.

There was very little eaten at luncheon that day by the four people of the Mortimer party. The father of course told

(Continued on Page 18.)

THE WOOL-SHOD FEET OF NEMESIS

By Julian Kilman

WESLEY HAZARD arose from the table. In the glare of the electric light, in the heat, the closeness, the cigar smoke of the room, his usually ruddy features seemed pale. It was late, 3 a. m. There were five other men, all in shirt-sleeves, all smoking, all silent men and all with little piles of poker chips in front of them. The curtains of the room were fastened down. Several bottles, both whisky and siphon, were distributed about. From one of these Hazard poured himself a drink. It was a stiff one and he took it neat.

Two of the players exchanged glances.

"Better go easy on that stuff, Wes," cautioned the one wearing an eye-shade.

Hazard ran his fingers thru his hair, which he wore brushed straight back, and laughed shortly as he reached for his coat. The garment was of a rather conspicuous black-and-white check pattern. From the inside coat pocket he drew forth a long black pocket-book from which he removed a considerable quantity of currency. He counted it.

"Only two hundred dollars with me tonight, Sam," he announced. "I'll have to give you an I. O. U. for the balance."

The man addressed as Sam did not reply. He was the town druggist, a thin, saturnine individual, who looked, and was in fact, tired out with the long hours of his impossible employ. This, however, did not prevent him from sitting up frequently all night at his favorite game. He was dealing.

"I've got one for $300 now," he said, bluntly.

A silence fell. Hazard busied himself with his coat, his face flushing hot. He reached again for his bottle of whisky.

The man wearing the eye-shade, Norris, president of the local bank, now left the table and came over to Hazard. He was big and well-dressed, with the full, tanned face of the successful business man who keeps fit chasing a wild pill around eighteen holes. Hazard did not release the bottle.

"What's the matter with you fellows tonight!" he said, crossly.

The banker in a manner entirely friendly clapped a hand to Hazard's shoulder.

"Come on outside a bit," he said. "I want some fresh air."

In a moment the two stood below on the sidewalk. The wide paved main street of the county seat looked white and clean in the light of a high-riding moon. Across the way stood the First National Bank, the institution of which Norris was president.

"Look here, Wes," promptly began the banker. "You know the boys like you—you're a good mixer and pull some clever stunts, and Sam was too rough. But the crowd is getting sore and you can't blame them much . . . Lord! what if they knew what I do? The bank's got a lot of your paper. I've been easy with you. You must admit that . . ."

"Yes, I know," interrupted Hazard. "But don't forget, Fred, I've a going and growing business. I know hardware from A to Z and I'm opening out. And besides I've got this traveling job for the time being. My wife can handle . . ."

"Sure thing!" interjected the banker. "You've told me that before, Wes. But the point is, the bank can't wait indefinitely. You seem to forget the National Bank Examiners. They're the little bright eyes of the banking game." A gesture of impatience escaped Hazard. It irritated the banker.

"You're playing in too fast company," he said, more snappily. "You've got to stop." He paced a few steps. "Here's what I'll do. I'll take care of your I. O. U.'s. Fix Sam up. He's ugly and may talk and that would hurt you. But I want it distinctly understood that you've got to be straight with the bank. Stick to this traveling job—your wife's all right, and you'll pull thru. How long have you been with these St. Louis people?"

"I used to travel for them before I came to Hammondsport to start business. They've paid me $300 a month for the last three months and furnished the car."

"That's pretty fair," returned the banker. "Now I'm going back to the game. Good-night."

From the corner of his eye Hazard watched the stout figure of the banker turn toward the stairway leading to the poker room. The expression of the hardware man was not pleasant to see. At the next corner he turned. After proceeding half a block he stopped before a store. The window was lighted and made a good display. Projecting over the sidewalk was the sign HAZARD HARDWARE. Hazard let himself in with a pass key.

The building was long and had an apartment on the floor above where he lived with his wife. Back in the rear partly under the stairway that ascended to the living quarters a small office had been made with beaver-boarding. Thither in the dark thru the maze of stoves, washing machines and display china, Hazard took his way. He entered the little inside office, closing the door behind him.

Over the window bearing the word OFFICE he draped an American flag. This kept out his light as he went to work on the loose-leaf ledger. For an hour he figured carefully, stopping now and then to wipe the perspiration induced by the closeness of the airless room and the excess amount of strong liquor he had imbibed.

It was already growing light when he went up the stairs to the flat. He glanced into the bedroom that faced the rear. A gas jet was turned low and he saw the woman who slept there. Hazard regarded his wife with an enigmatical look. She stirred presently no doubt influenced by the gaze. Her eyes opened; she was wide awake on the instant as if she lived at a tension. She sat up.

"Oh, Wes," she exclaimed. "You startled me. I was just dreaming about you."

The husband approached the bed and sat down. The hair of the woman was in curlers but her white throat and bosom were attractive. She appeared much younger than the man at her side.

"What were you dreaming?" asked Hazard.

The eyes of the woman were mellow.

"Old times—when you were using your music more. Remember the amateur theatricals, and what a hit you made? That was when I fell in love with you." But Hazard was in no mood for sentimentalities.

"I just dropped in to say that I'm going again."

Anxiety mirrored itself in the features of the woman.

"How long shall you be away this time?"

Hazard suddenly caught his wife to him. The embrace was unexpectedly fierce.

"Mary," he muttered, "you've got to stand by me. I'll own up that our business is in a tight place. I have just had a talk with Fred Norris."

The woman drew back so that she might gaze at her husband.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Tend to the business, as you have done—and ask no questions."

"Ask no questions!" repeated the woman.

"That's just what I said," harshly returned the husband.

IT WAS nearly 6 a. m. when Hazard went to the garage in the rear of his store and brought out his roadster. He was a hard driver—had that reputation, and in two hours made a town just over the line in Pennsylvania. He stopped at the hotel, ate breakfast, got a room and went to bed. He needed sleep. At 3 in the afternoon he came down, tubbed, shaved, and fresh-appearing. He replenished his gasoline and drove hard for three hours, passing everything on the road.

At supper time he stopped at a farm house and bought a handout. Then he fooled along until dusk when he neared a deep woods. He ran his automobile up a side road where he got out, changed the license plates and pretended to be occupied with the internals of the car. But there was no travel for the time being and with quick movements he divested himself of his shepherd's plaid suit, the Panama hat and passionate cravat, donning at once a dark suit of middle-age cut with appropriate hat, cheap, colored shirt and plain black necktie.

The alteration in his appearance was startling—so much dress does for the man. But the effect was further heightened by a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles with lenses in them that reminded one of the bottoms of pop-bottles. These were bi-focal, however, with a perfectly clear center.

Again Hazard drove hard, heading straight back over part of the route he had covered earlier in the day. However, he made the turn south away from his home State after fifty miles. At 9 p. m. he reached Springtown, his destination, and stopped his car on the main thorofare in front of a hardware store. As he left the car a voice hailed him.

"Hello, Sills."

The hardware man stepped to the sidewalk.

"How are you, Harper," he said, slowly. "I have just heard from a friend of mine in Illinois. He says that young man will make a fine pastor for us."

The two men walked up the street together. In a few minutes they stopped before a large stone church. Repairs were going forward and the two discussed certain details of the work. They then entered the structure.

A spinsterish woman greeted them.

"You are just in time, Mr. Sills," she cried. "We want you for the duet in the anthem."

Hazard sang with spirit. He had a fine baritone and again and again caught the eyes of the choir leader snapping with satisfaction at his work.

"My!" she exclaimed at conclusion of the practice. "I don't see how we ever got along without you."

The hardware man separated with difficulty from his admirer and returned to his roadster. He ran this back of the store before which he had stopped. The sign over this store read: SILLS HARDWARE.

Up the stairway at the side of the building Hazard proceeded. Once inside he stowed away the suitcase containing the Wesley Hazard garb, removed the thick-lensed glasses and sat down for a turn with the evening paper before going to bed.

At 7 o'clock next morning he dressed and went down the street to a small restaurant for breakfast. At 8 he returned and opened the store. This was not nearly so large or well-equipped as the business in Hammondsport. A man clerk came in for duty and also a young girl. Hazard called the man clerk to the rear for a talk.

"I've just been going over the situation, Harvey," he said familiarly, "and I find that I'll have to let you go."

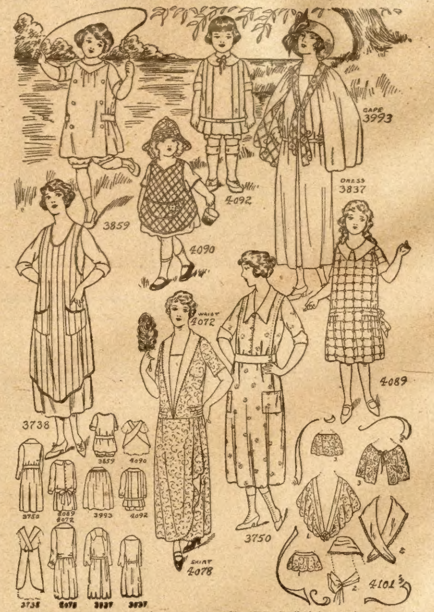
The clerk grew pale.

"What's the matter? Ain't my services O. K.?"

"It's not that. You're too expensive a man to carry."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sills. I've been here

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



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for many years—twenty of them—and I've a wife and three children."

The hardware man waved a hand.

"I know, I know," he said. "It is simple disaster. But what can I do? The business is failing—has been. That's why I got it so cheap from your former employer. I must retrench."

"When is my time up?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, finish out the week, Harvey," said the employer. "After that Annie and I will try to carry on."

The clerk moved off. He was clearly hard hit.

Hazard spent most of that day going over the stock quietly. He made two trips to the bank across the street where he appeared to be favorably regarded as Homer Sills.

That night after supper he returned to his room early for more rest. The poker playing orgy had left him still sleepy. He ventured one smoke, something he was not supposed to care for as Homer Sills. A telephone call from the spintser choir lady disturbed him about 8:30. "No," he said into the instrument, "I really don't feel like riding tonight." About 10 o'clock he was just dozing off when there came a tap at his door. He tried to peer out and determine who it was. But it was too dark. He opened the door.

"It's me, Mr. Sills," came a thick voice.

"Stebbins!" exclaimed Hazard.

An old man made to enter. But Hazard did not stand aside.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

Stebbins began to snivel. He was weakly drunk.

"Let me come in an' rest a bit," he begged. "You're a good man, Mr. Sills. You ain't never the one to understand or sympathize with a man whose got an appetite like I have."

Hazard put on the severe pose.

"Is that all you came up here for—to tell me that?"

The old man tried to straighten up. He succeeded partially.

"Employ me as clerk. I'll give you good service. I swear I will."

Hazard achieved a look of solemnity.

"No, sir, Mr. Stebbins," he returned. "I never in my life employed any one who drank or smoked, and it is too late for me to start now."

Springtown, location of the Sill's Hardware Store, and Hammondsport, location of the Hazard Hardware Store, tho only seventy-five miles apart, were in different States and hence also in different sales territory of the large wholesale hardware concerns. Thus it was that Homer Sills, of Springtown, was able to do business with the same concerns—and he was careful to see that they were the same concerns—that Wesley Hazard of Hammondsport did business with, without meeting the same salesmen. His credit at the bank in Springtown had the convenience of elasticity, which was not the characteristic of his credit with the bank in Hammondsport. His church work, the many evidences of a thoro knowledge of the hardware business and his progressive conduct had done much to impress the local bank people in Springtown. Hence the Sill's Hardware concern found it easy to order large quantities of hardware, much of the finer lines of merchandising, incidentally, electrical goods, plated silverware and even some simple jewelry. In another month the Springtown store began to take on a new appearance.

"I tell you, Mr. Sills," announced Harper, of the local bank, "you are doing the town a good turn. It's wonderful what you have accomplished in the three short months you have been here."

"I'm much obliged to you for saying that," returned "Sills."

But the work was hard. Hazard and the young girl clerk found it all they could do to handle the increasing volume of business. The girl was inexperienced. She made mistakes. This kept Hazard's nerves on edge, and he found it difficult to hold in. Further, it was not his plan to have her know any too much of the stock.

ABOUT 10 o'clock one night six weeks after his return he came out of his rooms over the store. The lot was large, with a cinder driveway, and standing at the back of the store was his new five-seater automobile. He opened the back door of the store and began loading stock into the automobile. He then walked to the front of the store and inspected the street. No one was stirring. He returned, entered the car and started away. He made the seventy-five miles to Hammondsport in two hours. His wife heard him at the rear of the store, tho it was late and she had been asleep.

"That you, Wes?" she called from her window.

Hazard did not answer. He worked feverishly, having hoped to get the stuff transferred without awaking her. The woman came down.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

The husband gripped her arm.

"Here! Carry this," he commanded.

She obeyed. The two passed stuff in thru the rear. They made many trips. Hazard then stowed the materials about the store and some in the basement.

"One thing I forgot," he said. "Tomorrow I want you to go back and destroy all invoices over six months old. Remember."

"Yes. I'll remember, Wes," returned the wife. "But tell me."

The husband led his wife near enough to the front of the store for some light.

"Look at me," he said.

In amazement the wife stared at her husband.

"Where ever did you get those clothes?"

Hazard laughed shortly.

"My name is now Homer Sills."

Understanding dawned in the face of the wife. Her hands went out beseechingly.

"Oh, my God, Wes!" she cried, "What are you doing?"

The man comforted her.

"Be game!" he muttered. "You've got to stick to me. I'm putting it across."

He started away, but came back.

"One other thing," he cautioned. "Keep the salesman away from the stock in the rear of the store, and don't let them get into the basement on a bet."

Hazard made the return trip even quicker. It was just 3 a. m. when he pulled into Springtown and ran his car into the garage.

During the next three months he averaged two trips a week between the stores. These were not without their thrills, as the word had leaked out that whisky runners were using part of the road which the hardware man found it necessary to travel. On one trip he ran down a motorcycle man who had tried to stop him. Careful scrutiny of the papers next day failed to show what had become of the rider, but Hazard knew the cycle had been demolished. On another occasion returning light from Hammondsport, he had permitted himself to be held up and examined by the authorities.

The business in the Springtown store increased so much that he began to wonder whether he would better play the game straight in that town. But trade again fell off. The town was really a dead one. In turn he discharged two or three clerks in the meantime. This prevented any one gaining familiarity with the stock but compelled him to work harder.

His church duties began to wear his nerves toward the end of the summer. He started dropping out of it occasionally, claiming he was tired—which was the fact. Once he was nearly caught with a cigar in his mouth by the spinster choir leader who camped pretty much on his trail. This little thing very nearly spoiled the whole show, he reflected afterwards.

It made him more cautious.

In September he arranged for two days leave from Springtown. These two days he spent as Wesley Hazard in Hammondsport. He called on Norris, the banker; saw the druggist, and with a flourish paid up the I. O. U.'s.

"Things are coming pretty good," he said to Norris.

"That's fine," said the banker. "But you're looking poorly. Must be working hard, Wes."

"I sure am," said Hazard. "I am going to come in off the road in two more months."

The stock of the Hammondsport store was much improved and Norris commented on it.

"Your wife's a fine little manager," he said. "She's put in a good line of silverware and I told my folks to look it over. We need some."

"I'm turning everything I make into that shebang," said Hazard. "When I am all straight I'll want to get some of that poker money back."

Norris flung a hand.

"Better let the game alone," he said. "You can't win comin' in on anything under sevens."

In late October, on a Thursday night, just before quite a bit of paper was due at the bank across the street, Hazard sat up till midnight. The room was dark and he was enjoying to the full a clear Havana cigar. He had planned the night for his last in the character of Homer Sill, who sang in a choir, condemned smoking and liquor and wore sombre clothes and pop-bottle spectacles. His bag was packed and he reclined at ease in his chair, thinking it was about time to start.

Presently, however, he heard some one shuffling up the stairway outside. Despite his iron nerves he felt his heart skip a beat. No one was in the habit of visiting him that late at night: Might be Harper, from the bank, to talk over things. He was conscious of having crowded financial matters a bit of late. He tried to see who it was, but the light was poor. He extinguished his cigar and tossed it thru the open window. He listened. After what seemed an interminable period, the knock came, a halting, uncertain, arresting, damning thing.

"Who is it?" he called, without opening the door.

"Stebbins," was the answer.

Hazard swore beneath his breath.

"Well! What do you want?"

The old man did not answer. Hazard cautiously opened the door feeling certain the aroma of his cigar had been dissipated by this time. He perceived that his visitor had collapsed on the doorstep.

"Want to see you," uttered the inert figure.

HAZARD grabbed the old man by the arm and pulled him inside. He was in no mood for trifling now. The old man began a cackling laugh. That laugh stirred Hazard to his depths.

"What is it, you fool?" he demanded.

With an effort Stebbins brought his eyes, rendered disconcerting by the strabismus of drunkenness, to those of the hardware man.

"He! He!" he laughed weakly, "Why don't you smoke, Mr. Sill?"

Hazard's head came up with a snap. He caught the old man by the throat, his assumed personality of Homer Sill falling away from him like a cast-off cloak.

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

He shook his wobbling head. The eyes rolled.

"I knew you was smoking that first time I came up here. I've been a watchin' you and you're church doings. I been a-watchin' you nights, too. I know what you been doing with the stock downstairs. You been a-stealing—I don't know where——"

He got no further. Hazard's structure, reared with delicate skill, now threatened to tumble about his ears like a house of cards. He was ash-faced but his jaw was set. His fingers closed about the throat. They, fleshed themselves in the enfeebled sinews and tissues of the pipelike old neck. The thing was done with pitiful ease—a life snuffed out almost as one treads the vital spark from a crawling ant.

Hazard carried the body to his bed and laid it thereon. Then he began pacing about the rooms, thinking, thinking, thinking. What to do in the light of this unexpected development? Twice he projected his arms above him and cursed the luck that had brought this crime on his head—something utterly beyond the scope of his plans.

At 1 p. m. he was still pacing the rooms and asking himself what was to be done. No new avenue opened up. To carry the body in his car for later hiding courted detection by those officials watching for booze-runners. No, he decided the murder of old man Stebbins must lie at the door of a man named Homer Sills, who disappeared on the nineteenth day of October from Springtown.

He left the apartment finally and went to the garage. Here he turned over the engine in his car and started out as quietly as possible. He made the main street without encountering a soul. So far so good. As soon as possible he left the much-traveled thorofare and drove hard across country toward the town of Camden on the P. R. R. Half way there he stopped his car and made the transition from Homer Sill to Wesley Hazard, check suit and all.

The clothing of the sedate Homer Sill he buried in the woods using a spade that he had brought for the purpose. Half a mile out of Camden he ran his car into another woods and deserted it—only two hundred dollars paid down and the owner-company could reclaim when the car was located better.

On foot he made it into the town, timing himself so that he reached the depot as a fast train pulled in. He boarded this, carrying his grip as if he had just come from the hotel. At 8 a. m. he reached Pittsburgh. From there he telegraphed his wife that he would be in Hammondsport at 4 p. m.

Hazard's wife met him at the depot in the home town that afternoon. The two of them came up together in a taxi. From the doorway of the bank they saw Fred Norris.

"Welcome to our city," he called, jovially.

Hazard spent a month trying to get his nerves quieted down after the splurge that followed in the big city dailies over the murder mystery in Springtown. Far and wide the search was being conducted for the missing Homer Sills. Nothing at all was said of the fact that the business had been looted; that element of the affair seemed to have been completely absorbed by the more serious crime. Then, all of a sudden, the thing was dropped by the big papers—they were hot on another crime—this one with a woman in it.

The hardware man found his nerves less jumpy thereafter. He did, however, endeavor to get copies of the local sheet published at Springtown, using round-about methods for the purpose. Even here he found no mention of the theft of the stock. This seemed queer, as he had left the place filled with empty cases.

But his local business was fast improving, regenerated by the 100 per cent profit he was now making on the stolen materials. He was considerably bothered by the traveling salesmen, and kept buying pretty regularly even when he did not need it. Those young chaps retained a fair idea of the stock he was carrying. One of them representing the Chicago Electrical Appliance Manufacturing Company from which he bought, talked much to Hazard of the loss his concern had sustained by the absconding of Homer Sills. He said that his fellow-salesmen covering the territory had received a hot reprimand for placing so much of his line in the store.

Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrance, Hazard returned to the poker game. But he played more steadily—kept above the sevens and actually began to gain back a little. The crowd liked him even if he did win. At first

(Concluded on Page 22.)

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A Page *for the* Woman *in the* Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

HOWDY, everybody! Isn't this the fine weather to run on schedule in? It makes me, for one, all eager to answer, at one stroke, the many, many questions that pour in concerning blackheads and pimples.

Blackheads and pimples are caused by—are, in fact, a mild disease. The germ is called **bacillus acnes**, and the disease is known as **acne**. Youths and young girls often have a terrible onslaught of it, for the reason that they have not yet acquired the knack of regularity in matters such as washing their faces, eating properly balanced foods, etc. I do not mean that they do not wash their faces regularly. I mean they experiment around with different soaps, different textures of towels, different washcloths, ranging from bare hands to calabash mits. Now the pores of the face are very regular and they desire the same treatment every day. When they get these changes in methods, it disturbs their function of perspiring—which washes away the germs from the mouths of the pores—and thus the germ gets into the pore, grows and causes the pimple and the blackhead. Often, after a trip, people bring home a crop of pimples when they never had them before, because of the change in water—from soft to hard, or vice versa—and in soap.

Too rich a diet, furthermore, and irregularities of the bodily functions help on the acne by loading up one's system with poisons and lowering one's resistance against germs. Chocolates, whipped cream, pastry and browned butter or foods with browned butter in them prove especially vicious when one has acne.

Now for the treatment!

The following has been found to do the work. 1. Stand with face over a pan of steaming water for several minutes. 2. Bathe thoroly, using warm water and green soap which is really yellow and which can be bought reasonably by the jar in drug stores. 3. Rinse the face and dry with a perfectly fresh, clean towel. 4. Remove the largest few of the blackheads with a little instrument known as a "comedo expressor" which can be purchased for a very few cents in the drug store. This is done by drawing the expressor firmly over the blackhead, pressing harder near the sides of the blackhead. Whatever blackheads do not come easily, give a few days' more time. Never bruise the face. 5. For three or four minutes, rub firmly into the face the lather from a soap made of sulphur, camphor and balsam of Peru. 6. Use a soft, clean handkerchief to wipe off whatever lather remains.

Do all this for three nights and then skip a night, three more nights and skip a night until cured. The night you skip, apply cold cream to the face instead. People often find added help in taking one-sixth of a grain of sulphate of calcium three times a day.

Now do you think you can go after those blackheads and pimples with a vengeance? Next week we'll talk about freckles. Bye-bye until then!

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Wheat Cereal Apple Sauce
Boiled Eggs
Cream Muffins Coffee

DINNER.

Beef Steak Water Cress
French Fried Potatoes Corn on the Cob
Sweet Potato Pie

SUPPER.

Tomato Farci
Banana Salad
Little Cakes Iced Coffee

Cream Muffins.

To two cups of flour add one-half teaspoon salt and four level teaspoons baking powder. The yolks of two eggs and three-quarters of a cup of cream. Then stir in the whites of two eggs well beaten and bake in greased muffin tins.

Tomato Farci.

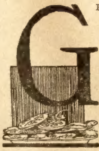
Put a layer of tomatoes in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of bread crumbs, then salt and pepper. Add a layer of tomatoes, then breadcrumbs, and so on. Top with layer of crumbs. Bake twenty minutes.

Sweet Potato Pie.

Peel and slice sweet potatoes and boil until nearly soft in a little water. Spread pastry in a pie plate, drain potatoes, and lay on the pastry, adding butter, sugar and cinnamon, with a little salt. Add a little of the water in which the potatoes have cooked and bake. Serve warm.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES



GREEN tomato pickles are usually made after the first frosts. They may come shortly, now, and so it is well to have on hand your recipes for these pickles.

PICCALILLI.

One peck of green tomatoes; eight onions, four green peppers; slice all, and put in layers, sprinkle on one cup of salt, and let them remain overnight; in the morning press dry in a sieve, put it in a porcelain kettle and cover with vinegar; add one cup of sugar, a tablespoon each of cinnamon, allspice and ground cloves in a bag; stew slowly about an hour, or until the tomatoes are as soft as you desire.

CHOW CHOW.

One peck of green tomatoes, half peck string beans, quarter peck small white onions, quarter pint green and red peppers mixed, two large heads cabbage, four tablespoons white mustard seed, two of white or black cloves, two of celery seed, two of allspice, one small box yellow mustard, one pound brown sugar, one ounce of turmeric; slice the tomatoes and let stand over night in brine that will bear an egg; then squeeze out brine, chop cabbage, onions and beans; chop tomatoes separately, mix with the spices, put all in porcelain kettle, cover with vinegar and boil three hours.

SPANISH PICKLE.

Two gallons of green tomatoes, sliced without peeling. Two quarts of vinegar, one of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of salt, ground mustard, and black pepper, and one each of allspice and cloves. Mix, and stew all together until tender, stirring often to prevent scorching. Put in small glass jars.

FRENCH TOMATO PICKLE.

Slice one peck of green tomatoes and six good sized white onions; put them in a stone jar, sprinkling salt between the layers, using one teacupful of salt for the peck of tomatoes; let them stand over night; in the morning drain off the liquor; boil for ten minutes in a porcelain kettle, in two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar; then skim out the tomatoes and onions; throw away the liquor; put into the kettle three quarts of vinegar and two pounds of brown sugar; let it come to a boil and skim; then add one-fourth of a pound of mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice nutmeg, and ginger, and one red pepper cut fine, with seeds removed; put in the tomatoes and cook all ten minutes; then put in a stone jar or in cans, as preferred.

Cold Baths.

IN THE matter of bathing, as in that of clothing, we must remember that the body should be stimulated by cold, but not chilled too much. A cold bath should be followed by a reaction, the blood vessels of the skin enlarging again and the skin becoming warm and glowing. Brisk rubbing with a rough towel helps to secure this reaction. If no reaction follows, the bath is too cold or too prolonged or the physical condition is such that cold baths are inadvisable.

❦

ZINC can be cleaned with soap suds and salt and the polish restored with kerosene.

For Business Girl.

THAT certain style of outfit called the business garment has become a necessity as well as an economy to women who have entered the business world. The hat for the street or business wear should neither be an outing nor an evening hat, but a sort of happy medium, being of good wearing material and inconspicuous. However, these hats need not be severely plain in color or line.

For dress materials, cotton in summer is good, because it washes easily. Woolen is the best cloth for protection against cold; silk for beauty and ornament.

Only plain standard colors should be worn by the woman who cannot afford many clothes. Plain dark blue, tan and gray.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

CHILDREN OF TODAY

WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON was a little boy children stood when they ate with their parents. Even very young children of good family were taught to rise when their elders came into the room and to remain standing until the parents were seated.

Nowadays children certainly do not stand when they eat, but when circumstances permit they do not dine with their parents. If there are guests for dinner it is usually more considerate to have the younger members of the family eat at another time or in another place. Sometimes they even eat at another table in the same room. If their manners are not exactly what they should be, then they cannot cause any annoyance to fastidious elders. In many households it is customary for children to eat breakfast with their parents, to have luncheon with them only when there is no company, and never to dine with them.

Very young children cannot usually be taught to rise when their elders appear in the room except thru rather too severe discipline. But boys and girls after they have reached the age of 6 or 7 can be taught without difficulty to rise when their elders appear in the room. They need not be made to stand servilely until the elders are seated, as doubtless did the children of Washington's days, but they should be taught that they should pay this mark of respect. Children are prone to take the most comfortable chairs in the room. They should be told that when elders come into the room, the object in rising is so that the elders may take the chairs they wish, while the little people may take what seats remain.

Children naturally crowd ahead of their parents or other adults in entering or leaving a room. They can very early be taught that this is not good form. Parents should make it a habit to precede their children and in this way the children become accustomed to standing back while other adults precede them.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

ETHEL

ETHEL is in itself a name, but it has so many suffixes as to seem almost a syllable itself. It is another of the Teutonic names which signify noble, and is derived from Aethel, the same prefix, which is high German, is Adal, from which comes Adlaide. The early feminine form of this simple little name was Aethelthryth. Another, less complex, was Ediltrud.

Teutonic and Norse tradition seem to merge somewhere along the course of Ethel's history, for the splendor of the Valkyr lingers in the name. It was popular among the women of those early times because it signified the ideal woman of the period when "a resolute will and a strong hand were women's best title to respect," as one writer puts it. Nowadays, Ethel, shorn of her complexities, suggests a fluffily feminine name rather than an Amazonian ideal.

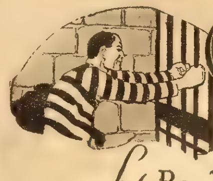
Saint Aethelthryth was a queen of the Amazon type who must have been a very uncomfortable sort of wife and who finally retired to a monastery. She was canonized as Saint Ethelreda. Her saintly name has come down to us with a small degree of popularity, but Ethelberta and Ethelfreda are much the favorites. Ethel is the most prevalent of all and stands alone as an independent name. It is not only pleasing, but possesses welcome brevity in contrast to other forms of the name.

Alberta and Albertine are regarded as other offsprings of Ethel.

Ethel should wear an agate if she wishes happiness and success. According to its promise, it will bring her the desire of her heart, give her courage and a dauntless will. Thursday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

Next Week: MARTHA. Watch for It.

Other departments *of* interest *to* woman *and* her children will be found on pages 2, 4, 8 and 26



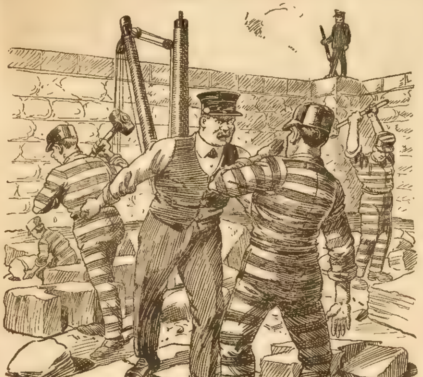
Caged Hate

by Roy W. Hinds

MUTTERINGS were nothing in the life of Quint Spowers, official key-turner and lock-slider of McArdle jail. Prisoners drunk and otherwise, are much given to muttering, so said Quint—some because they are worried and others because they are playing a game; mostly playing a game.

That is what he thought, and that is what he said, of the mutterings of Ellis Oakman—that he was playing a game. He couldn't fool Quint Spowers. Twenty years at twisting keys in McArdle jail count for something when it comes to sizing up a prisoner.

Ellis Oakman's trial was three days away when Turnkey Spowers, happening by his cell, made out for the first time just what it was that he muttered half quizzically, half fretfully with misunderstanding.



"Are You Going to Grab That Hammer?" Shouted the Guard.

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he come clean?"

Those were the words, repeated time upon time during his four weeks in jail, but understood now for the first time by the turnkey. Not that he ever had tried to make out the words—he didn't care what they were and he heard them now by accident.

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he——"

The prisoner noted the turnkey in front of his cell and was silent. Spowers took advantage of the occasion to drop a word of cheer.

"This mumblin' to yourself ain't goin' to get you nothing, Oakman," he said. "That's been tried too much—and it don't get nowheres with me, and I'm the only one that hears it that can do you any good. I heard what you said. You're tryin' to make out as if somebody else is mixed up in your case—but that's an old game, and I wouldn't even tell the prosecutin' attorney of it. Why, he'd laugh at me for bein' took in by a pris'ner that ev'rybody in the city knows is guilty

"No. akman, that mumblin' ain't goin' to do you no good. My advice to you, and I'm your friend, is to go up there and plead guilty. That way, you'll get off with maybe three or four years. If you stand trial, they're li'ble to slap you with a ten-spot. Yes, sir, that's what you do—walk right up there and plead guilty."

The prisoner, with a yawn of bored indifference, lay back on his bunk without condescending a word in reply and the turnkey shuffled on down the gloomy corridor of the jail.

Twelve thousand dollars had been stolen from the safe of the Lamphill Manufacturing Company, for which Ellis Oakman had worked. The safe had not been blown—it had been opened by the combination—and Oakman, as head accountant, knew the combination. He had been in the office with Astor Lamphill, president of the company, the night the money, which had been intended for the pay roll next day, had disappeared. Astor Lamphill had departed at midnight, leaving Oakman in the office with a half hour's work yet to do. Lamphill had locked the safe himself. When it was opened at 9 o'clock next morning the twelve thousand dollars had disappeared without a trace.

An hour after the robbery was discovered Oakman was in jail. He had thrown no light on the affair. The money had not been found. He contended that he had reached his rooming house at 1 o'clock in the morning and had remained there until 8. He had no witnesses by which to prove this, as roomers at the place were free to come and go at any time and would be seen only by accident. The prosecution contended that he had hidden the money until such time as he would be free. Thus he went to trial.

Oakman's only witnesses were a few friends who testified to his good character. He could offer no alibi. His lawyer was helpless within the stockade of circumstancial evidence. There was not a crevice, not a weak spot, thru which he could escape. No one but himself knew of his movements from the time Astor Lamphill locked the safe and departed until 8 o'clock next morning.

The prisoner as he sat in court was heard to mutter to himself occasionally, but no one made out what he said. Now and then he was seen to turn expectant glances toward the door leading into the corridor of the courthouse, always turning back with a puzzled gaze.

"Guilty!"

The word, pronounced by the foreman of the jury, found Oakman in a daze. He muttered feebly to himself, but didn't seem to realize fully that he was pitching headlong toward the State penitentiary. The word had no more than escaped the juryman's lips before Oakman again gazed toward the courtroom door. Then, still dazed, he was led back to jail, to await sentence two days hence.

Turnkey Spowers paused before the cell of Ellis Oakman on the morning of the day he was to be sentenced.

"I tried to tell you to plead guilty," the turnkey reproached. "I've seen many a man——"

"Have the newspapers printed an account of the trial?" Oakman asked, ignoring the implied reprimand.

"Why, sure they have," said Spowers. "The McArdle papers ain't had much else in 'em. A twelve thousand dollar robbery——"

"I wonder if the papers thruout the State have printed anything about my conviction?"

"Well, I know some of 'em have," said the turnkey. "And not only the papers in the State, but I see a piece in a Kansas City paper about it. Oh, you're gettin' a good deal of advertisin', my boy! But if you'd took my advice——"

But Oakman disdained even to give the turnkey further attention. He flung himself back on the bunk; the eternal question—the question whose every syllable had seared itself into his soul—coursing thru his numbed brain.

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he come clean?"

He lay thus until they came to take him into court.

"—for the period of five years at hard labor." The words dropped like splashes of ice water upon the heart of Ellis Oakman and left him in a frozen bewilderment, staring like a wild animal at a night-fire. Mechanically he turned his head toward the corridor door, but, seeing nothing, gave his hands to the sheriff; not even feeling the cold steel of the handcuffs as they snapped about his wrists. For the last time they led him from the courtroom.

II.

THE great yards of the penitentiary was crowded by a thousand prisoners. It was Sunday afternoon in August—one day out of seven on which these men were permitted to rest their bodies; and, resting their bodies, suffer more in mind. The labor of this place was very hard; the idleness was even harder.

The baked-clay yard danced fantastically under the sun and the prisoners had moved into the shadows cast by towering cellhouses. The sat upon the ground or upon benches, some moodily silent, others talking in the dull, monotones heard only in prisons. None laughed.

These thousand men were like no other thousand men in all the world, unless it be in other prisons. There were some good-looking faces among them—there were many bad-looking faces. Some reflected the suffering of weeks, some of months, many of years upon years. There were faces of evil eyes, grim mouths and terrible lines—mirrors flashing the hatred of long confinement. Other faces were serene, even peaceful—the faces of men soon to go out or the faces of men who never would go out.

The latter were the lifers or the men of such long sentence as to make the end far beyond the life-span. Those men were the living dead. They were dead. They died when hope was smothered to an imperceptible flicker. There was still hope—faint hope—for that perishes only with the body. But their hope was a thing without warmth; a chilled, numb feeling that rarely asserted itself.

They had ceased to measure time with

(Continued on Page 16.)

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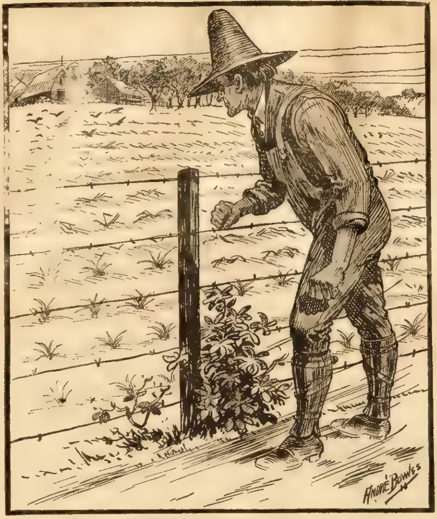
How the World Fought the Electricalless Age and Him Who Held

The World at His Mercy

By John J. Tiboni



There Would Be No Harvest Next Fall.

A Summary of the Preceding Part

Accordingly all the republican governments communicated with each other and resolved to pay Martian Ray's monstrous price for a year of prosperity. Once more he gave sailing orders and at noon of Nov. 25th the American liner Fairyland and the warship Maryland sailed from New York with five hundred millions gold and proceeded to collect the other millions.

Christmas morning, owing to bad weather, found them 700 miles from the meeting place with Martian Ray's submarine. A wireless message said the submarine would await their appearance. In a day or two the gold was transformed and the ships went their respective ways, as once before.

On Jan. 1st the "king of the world" wirelessed that he had received the gold, and must again direct his attention to another quarter of the globe. Inasmuch as the American republics were fabulously rich, thru Europe's many years of warfare, he now proposed to use the millions collected to restore Europe's impoverished warring nations—now at peace—to their former prosperous conditions, the British government to act as his distributor. Those governments greedily accepted the "easy money."

Late in the year the U. S. Government was again ordered to raise the next annual assessment of five hundred millions, as were her sister republics their respective quotas. Canada was again exempt. This time the governments decided to stand firm and defy the "king of the world." Let him do his worst, the inhuman monster! By the 1st of December manufacturers were working their plants night and day turning out the necessities that would be needed during another electricalless period.

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This story began in No. 35, the Ledger for Sept. 2. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

IN ANOTHER month or so, that mysterious, invisible, and all-powerful thing—Electricity, the beneficent—would be a thing of the past. That is, as far as the American republics were concerned. Martian Ray, "king of the world," had so decreed; they were on his "blacklist."

Therefore, during this month of grace it was for the ultimate and common good of all people dwelling in those countries that they prepare for the coming "electricless" age," providing in abundant quantities the somethings that could be made to take the place of that beneficent "juice" which we would now soon bid a sorrowful, regretable farewell to as that nameless thing of Martian Ray's creation should flood the land and annihilate it.

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At present we knew when it was due to leave us, but we knew not when it would return, if ever. Its absence might be for a day, a week, a month, a year or for all time to come. Wax candles were being turned out by the millions. They would be in great demand when the precious "juice" was no longer "on tap," to be turned on by the pressing of a button or turning of a switch.

For the same reason coal oil, gasoline and acetylene lamps of every imaginable pattern and size were being manufactured in numberless quantities. Also, gaslight fixtures were being manufactured as fast as men and machinery could perform the work. These three articles should adequately cover the momentous problem of artificial illumination.

Again the old-fashioned buggy and other horse-driven vehicles, long since relegated to the limbo of obsolete things, were again appearing in market. The horse—the best and most efficient friend of mankind in the animal kingdom—was again to come into his own, after being in the discard for so many years. They already commanded fabulous prices, so scarce were they.

Every gasoline and electric vehicle, every kind of airship, motorboats and submarine vessels, by virtue of the non-presence of the vital electric spark for ignition purposes, would be of as much use, after the new year had come, as so much scrap iron; and doubtless be worth as much in a short time, if electricity persisted in being conspicuous by its absence.

The electric street railway systems, whether surface, subway or elevated, would be entirely out of commission the moment the old year gave place to the new. Perhaps, in some cases, and in some places, these cars would still be operated, after a manner, by employing horses, provided said horses were available. But this mode of transportation would never prove adequately sufficient—it would be but a drop in the bucket—to handle the traffic, such as it had grown to nowadays.

Of course, some of the street railways could be operated by using steam for their motive power. But, again, in most cases the resulting smoke and other dirt-creating agencies would bring about an unbearable nuisance. Such conditions many cities would no longer tolerate under any circumstances. However, as far as the smoke was concerned, it could be efficiently regulated by smoke-burning appliances.

The steam railways, whether transcontinental or otherwise, were busily engaged in planning ways and means for effectively overcoming the inevitable difficulties that were going to arise in regard to the dispatching and running of their many trains, when the electric current should cease to flow along the wires and no longer carry the human voice nor the Morse code. Obviously, then, the thing to do was to devise an entirely new schedule and make it such as to enable trains to run without their being constantly under the watchful eye and control of the dispatcher. Therefore it would be vitally necessary that this schedule be followed out and maintained minutely, as far as humanly possible. For any deviation, tho a small one, would necessarily result in disorganization of the whole schedule and disaster to all concerned—passengers, crew and railway company. Hence, taken all in all, this problem of running even the steam roads was a grave one and not easily solved.

It must also be cited here that many of the great transcontinental steam railroads had branches or divisions here and there that were electrified. Provision now must be made to fill these "powerless" gaps with the use of the steam locomotive.

Ships outside the "danger zone" would not feel the uncanny and weird influence of Martian Ray's devilish invention, but those that were entirely confined to navigating the waters within the ostracized territory would have to make the necessary preparations for overcoming this evil as much as humanly possible.

Other ships, those that steamed to and from foreign countries, would have to make the best of their temporary predicament while in these "hoodooed" waters. Of course, this only applied to strictly steam-driven ships. What of the electric-driven ones—those that generated electric energy and then used this power for direct propulsion, those that drove their propellers by electric motors? These would either have to lay up indefinitely or be towed while in the affected zone. The same thing applies to the gas-driven, internal combustion motor ships that needed electric-spark for ignition purposes.

It will, no doubt, be apparent to all that some means would have to be devised to carry passengers to and fro quickly, if the commercial life of the nations was to be maintained with any degree of efficiency. In most cases the mail was altogether too slow—and would be even slower very soon—to meet the demands of modern business and commercial transactions.

Obviously the best that could be done, in the way of a substitute, would be to enlist the services of an army of bicycle-mounted messenger boys to take the messages that were at present sent over the telephone, that is, for city and town limits. Outside these limits and for great distances the old-time courier, on the back of a swiftly speeding horse, would be the practical thing to resurrect from the past and put into service again in these modern, twenty-first century days. This substitute, while expensive and not very efficient, as regards to speed, would, nevertheless, help out the direful impending situation immensely. But what about telegraph messages to and from overseas countries? How was this phase of the coming change going to be solved? Well, apparently the best, and really the logical way, would be to receive and send such trans-oceanic messages via Canada, as, evidently, that country would be exempt from Martian Ray's vengeance.

Another method would be to station a number of ships, duly equipped with powerful wireless apparatus, just outside the "dead line," a few hundred miles, more or less, out to sea, as the case might be. These ships would have to be stationed at certain distances apart all up and down the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Messages could then be sent or received by these floating wireless stations, while communication from these ships to the American shore could be established effectively by means of a fleet of swift and speedy steam yachts acting as messengers.

Of course the gasoline motorboat would be the best kind of craft to use for this kind of service, as it is speedier and more economical than the steam-driven craft. But, alas! there would be no electricity for the all-important ignition purposes.

Now, the former method cited, namely, sending and receiving overseas messages via Canada would be the logical method to adopt by the northern states, as they are close to Canada, and some efficient messenger service could be put into vogue for carrying messages from the international border to their destination in the states, after such message had been received by telegraph offices in Canada. Likewise, messages originating in these states could be sent by the same method to the Canadian telegraph offices and from there forwarded to their overseas destination. But in the case of the southern states and all of the southern republics the other method cited, namely, using floating wireless stations, was the more feasible plan to adopt

Next must come the matter of providing a suitable substitute for taking the place of the thousand and one electrical devices that were now in constant use in every home, office and factory for providing luxuries and comfort for modern mankind in every walk of life. But in this case, alas, no kind of substitute could be effectively employed, unless science came to the rescue in time by discovering an "antidote" for Martian Ray's murderous, nameless thing that would soon overwhelm the electrical world.

Electricity alone could run these little devices, which were many and in most instances really vitally necessary for the welfare of mankind. As, for instance, many medical, surgical and dental instruments, and health-inducing appliances. The many household utilities that were now looked upon as real and

(Continued on Page 22.)

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WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

Read This First—Then Continue the Story

Hilary sent Nanette home to St. Joseph. Baptiste threw up his position with Captain Dupont and went into the woods to trap. Hilary could not make explanations to Madeleine because of a promise he made Marie to shield her from her father's wrath. Then came the news that Madeleine was to marry Brousseau. Inside facts of the case were that Madeleine had consented to become Brousseau's wife on condition that he would destroy the mortgage he held on her father's estate.

Morris, St. Boniface's old manager, broke with Brousseau and put Hilary in possession of certain papers that laid bare some of Brousseau's crooked deals with the St. Boniface company—before the death of Hilary's father. "He has even swindled me," Morris wrote.

Connell took it upon himself to straighten out Hilary's affair with Madeleine. He went to the chateau, told Madeleine the whole story of the island adventure, the rescue of Marie and Nanette, and meeting Brousseau there flatly accused him of cheating Monsieur Rosny out of eighty thousand dollars. Lafe then put on his snowshoes and plodded away from the chateau, well pleased with himself.

This story began in No. 81, the Ledger for August 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEIGNEUR GOES TRAVELING.

FOR years the Seigneur had lived under Brousseau's thumb; his desperate attempt to free himself by the sale of his timber rights to Askew had been followed by an increase of pressure. He had accustomed his mind to bear its heavy burden. Now the sudden lifting of the load, the freedom, the knowledge that the seigniory was secure, had overthrown those few props of rationality that bound the old man to the life about him.

Ignorant as a child of the modern world, he was rebuilding the shattered dreams of the past. The cycle of change which had begun with the duel, and the change of his entire existence, appeared completed. And he saw his old life in the Quebec of the past, where his family had held position thru generations.

Madeleine came down to find him sitting in his chair, with flushed face and eager eyes, talking to himself.

"Yes, yes, all is quite clear," he was saying. "That scoundrel cheated me for years, but I was a fool to raise up a servant and not expect him to try to rule me. Now everything has come right."

Madeleine kneeled down beside him. "Dear father, he shall never trouble us again," she said.

The Seigneur, who had not observed her enter, started, and then laid his hand caressingly upon her hair.

"And the American?" he asked, in a tone of vexation. "Thou hast shown him the door, my child?"

"I shall never marry him," answered Madeleine.

"It is a pest living here in these degenerate days," said the Seigneur. "I have made a mistake, Madeleine. There is no fit company for thee here. I shall take thee to Quebec, and then to Europe. Wouldst thou like to return to France?"

"I am tired of it here," she answered; and it was not until her father's next words that she raised her head and looked at the old man in wonder.

"Those Americans have overrun the country," he said. "Ever since the late troubles they have thought that they owned the Province. I shall take thee to Europe, for the grand tour, and betroth thee to some nobleman. They say that there are still Rosnys in France. Who knows?"

He began musing over the restoration of his ancient rank, and muttering

"After our return we will rebuild the chateau according to the modern style," he said. "A more extensive garden in the formal French fashion before the Usurper came."

By the "Usurper" the Seigneur meant none other than the third Napoleon, who was still a vivid, recent personality in his mind.

"A plague on the fellow's insolence," he went on, remembering Brousseau. "My father would have had him chained to the corn mill. Still, in these days. . . Robitaille!"

His voice rang thru the chateau, and from the recesses somewhere there answered the weak cry of the old serving-man.

"Leave us, my child," said Rosny, as Robitaille entered the room.

He waited until Madeleine was gone before he addressed himself to the old butler.

"Robitaille, thou hast served me well for a long time, and my father before me."

"Five and forty years, Monsieur Edmond. Forty-five years, as man and boy."

"Thou hast been faithful. When I left Quebec to make my home here thou didst choose to come with me. When my fortune failed thou didst remain, tho often the money was lacking wherewith to pay thee. And only ten years ago, when I would have recommended thee to the family of Monsieur Duplessis in Quebec, who wanted a smart young servitor, thou didst refuse to leave me."

Robitaille's old head creaked up as if a winch were lifting it, until he looked his master in the face.

"I promised your father, Monsieur Philippe, that I would never leave you, Monsieur Edmond," he answered. "On his death-bed, when all thought him unconscious, he asked me, and I promised. He said that you were wild, Monsieur Edmond, and needed me. I have kept my promise. I should have kept it had Monsieur Philippe not asked me, for it was understood between him and myself. We shall go together when our time comes, master!"

"Good!" said the Seigneur. "And now thy reward is coming, Robitaille. Tomorrow we start for Quebec, there to renew our ancient fortunes. I am rich now, and we shall keep open house there again. I shall renew my acquaintances. Afterward we go to Europe, there to betroth Mademoiselle to a nobleman, but not of the new creation."

By the "new creation" Monsieur Rosny signified the peers of the Napoleonic dynasty, whom he detested.

"Very well, Monsieur Edmond."

"You will be pleased, Robitaille. We shall not return to the seigniory for several years. Then we shall rebuild the chateau and lay out gardens."

"Very well, Monsieur Edmond," said Robitaille.

And the Seigneur, his imagination kindled, proceeded to narrate his plans, until he fired the old servant's imagination; and the ancient pair, upon the brink of death, lived over the past in the anticipated future.

"But, Monsieur Edmond, you must remember that you are a boy no longer," protested Robitaille. "As Monsieur Philippe told me, you will have need of me. There must be no more duelling, Monsieur!"

Robitaille held up a finger in warning.

"That is not likely," answered Rosny. "I am no longer a young man, and I shall live discreetly."

When Madeleine came in the Seigneur had just dismissed his servant, and was seated in his chair, muttering, and staring out thru the window.

"Tomorrow we leave for Quebec," he said, and proceeded to outline his plans. And the girl listened with growing fear. At first she tried to depress his hopes, but her father became irritable. She fell in with his ideas perforce, hoping that the morning would bring a saner view. But in the morning Rosny, haggard and wild-eyed, began again. He would start that day, he was determined.

SHE managed to induce him to postpone their departure for another day. By the afternoon she had become seriously alarmed. Rosny was obviously ill, and quite clearly no longer in his right mind. What was worse, he seemed to have infected Robitaille with his madness.

She could not keep him in the chateau. He was determined to depart, and by coach, as he had wont to travel fifty years before. She was quite helpless, and Robitaille was her father's ally.

When she endeavored to change his intentions the Seigneur turned on her and upbraided her fiercely, speaking of the marriage that he had planned for her, and her ingratitude. She saw that she must yield. At least she would be with him.

And at dawn on the next day her father was about the chateau, leaning on Robitaille's arm, and walking heavily from room to room, making preparations for packing. Old brass-bound trunks were brought down from the rummage-room, the Seigneur clad himself in a bottle-blue coat; Robitaille was sent into the stables to clean the old coach. It was late afternoon when they started, but Madeleine could not persuade her father to wait till the morrow.

It was the strangest equipage that had been seen in the countryside in two generations. The lumbering old coach was weather-stained and faded, and the horse that dragged it painfully thru the deep snow wore a tattered harness whose like could never have been found, tho one had searched every saddler's shop in the Province. Upon the box sat Rabitaille, wearing the Rosny uniform, a stock, and high boots, wrapped round with a bearskin. A long whip rested at his side, he held the reins in his shaking hands, and from his neck was slung a trumpet on which he blew loud peals from time to time during the coach's progress.

The trunks were lashed to the roof by cords, and in the leather boot at the back, bumping against the body of the coach at every moment, was a miscellany of packages.

Inside sat the Seigneur, in his bottle-blue coat, covered with wolf furs. Madeleine, at his side, oblivious of all but him, was trying to assuage his growing excitement. Foot warmers, filled with hot water, could not keep out the bitter air that penetrated thru the frames of the frosted windows. The snow reached to the axles, the boughs above dashed down their snowy burden upon the roof, as if in scorn for their departing lord; yet whenever the horse stopped to catch breath Robitaille's trumpet rang out like a challenge to the frost king. It might have been clear to any tyro that the coach would never reach any destination.

It turned down by the bridge, Robitaille blew his trumpet, and instantly all St. Boniface was runing to see the spectacle. They overtook the coach and crowded about it, staring and muttering in amazement, peering in at the opaque windows; only a few very old people, who remembered the days of old Monsieur Philippe, and saw in this the departure of their lord and the end of their traditions, crossed themselves and wept.

The window went down. The Seigneur's head appeared. He was saluting his people as his father had greeted them in the days of villeinage. Some, who had jeered at the old coach, were shamed into silence; the elders cried imploringly to the old man, whose flushed face and excited look told too clearly the nature of his journey.

"Go back, Monsieur Edmond! Go back!" they called.

Madeleine leaned out beside her father, and, when they saw her, and her distress, they drew back, shaking their heads. This passed their simple understanding. All the while Robitaille was urging the tired horse up the steep hill beyond the bridge. The summit was gained at last, and the beast broke into a slow trot on the trodden road, leaving the crowd to gape behind.

The coach went down the long line of cottages, and from each door a woman cried out in wonder, and now and then some man came running to see and to shout. On the box Robitaille, imperturbable, sat, clutching the reins and pealing his blast at every turn of the road. Inside Madeleine sat holding the wolf robes about her father, who presently relapsed into silence, and sat leaning back against the body of the coach, his lips moving inaudibly.

They had left St. Boniface behind, and the tired horse walked slowly along the main road from the village, dragging the creaking structure thru the snow. Madeleine hoped that by evening they might find shelter in a habitant house three miles or so beyond the last cottage. There she meant to make a last effort to control her father. The sun sank low, the short day was nearly ended. The journey seemed interminable.

But even as she watched her father she saw a singular change upon his face. He opened his eyes wide, sat up, stood up, and stared at her. He did not seem to know where he was. He muttered broken phrases; then called as if for help:

"Robitaille! Robitaille!"

The lumbering motion stopped. Robi-

(Continued on Page 24.)

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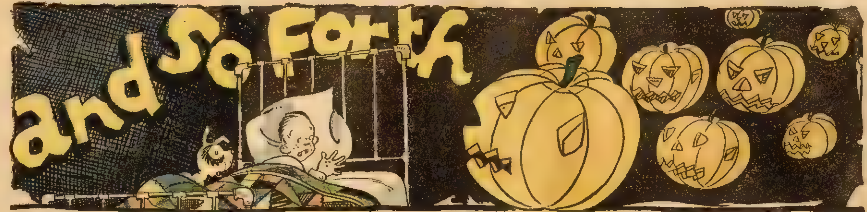
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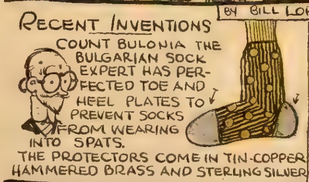
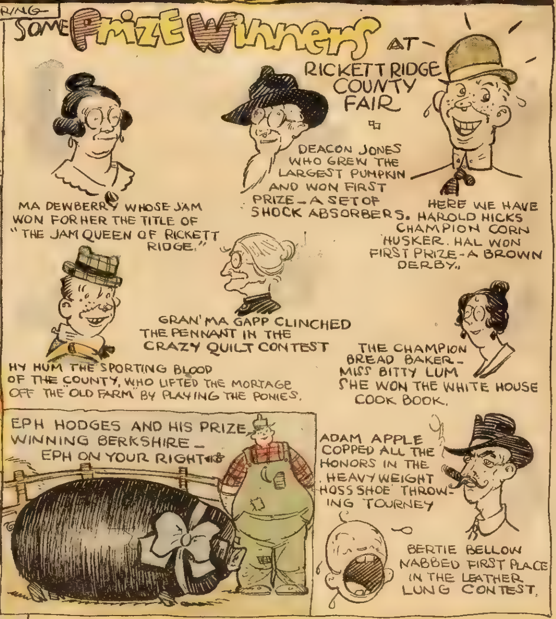
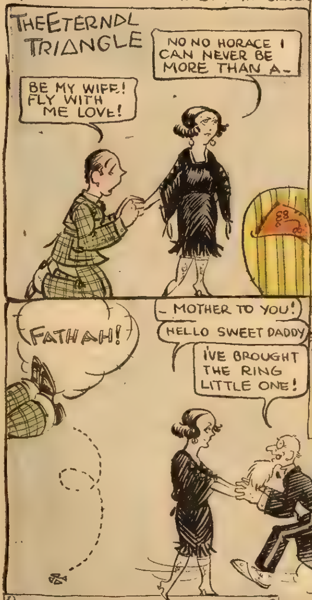
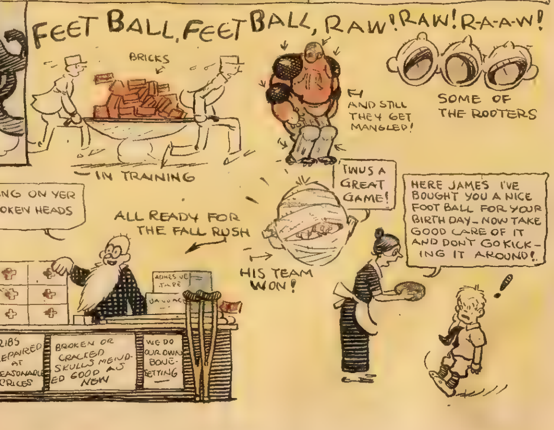
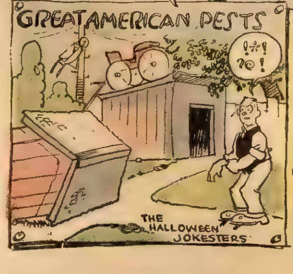

RECENT INVENTIONS
BY BILL LORING
COUNT BULONIA THE BULGARIAN SOCK EXPERT HAS PERFECTED TOE AND HEEL PLATES TO PREVENT SOCKS FROM WEARING INTO SPATS.
THE PROTECTORS COME IN TIN-COPPER HAMMERED BRASS AND STERLING SILVER


SOME PRIZE WINNERS AT RICKETT RIDGE COUNTY FAIR
MA DEWBERRY WHOSE JAM WON FOR HER THE TITLE OF "THE JAM QUEEN OF RICKETT RIDGE."
DEACON JONES WHO GREW THE LARGEST PUMPKIN AND WON FIRST PRIZE – A SET OF SHOCK ABSORBERS.
HERE WE HAVE HAROLD HICKS CHAMPION CORN HUSKER. HAL WON FIRST PRIZE – A BROWN DERBY.
GRAN' MA GAPP CLINCHED THE PENNANT IN THE CRAZY QUILT CONTEST
HY HUM THE SPORTING BLOOD OF THE COUNTY, WHO LIFTED THE MORTAGE OFF THE OLD FARM BY PLAYING THE PONIES.
THE CHAMPION BREAD BAKER – MISS BITTY LUM SHE WON THE WHITE HOUSE COOK BOOK.
EPH HODGES AND HIS PRIZE WINNING BERKSHIRE – EPH ON YOUR RIGHT
ADAM APPLE COPPED ALL THE HONORS IN THE HEAVY WEIGHT HOSS SHOE THROWING TOURNEY
BERTIE BELLOW NABBED FIRST PLACE IN THE LEATHER LUNG CONTEST.


THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE
BE MY WIFE! FLY WITH ME LOVE!
NO NO HORACE I CAN NEVER BE MORE THAN A –
– MOTHER TO YOU!
FATHAH!
HELLO SWEET DADDY
I'VE BROUGHT THE RING LITTLE ONE!


FEET BALL, FEET BALL, RAW! RAW! R-A-A-W!
BRICKS
– IN TRAINING
AND STILL THEY GET MANGLED!
SOME OF THE ROOTERS
BRING ON YER BROKEN HEADS
ALL READY FOR THE FALL RUSH
ADHESIVE TAPE
RIBS REPAIRED AT REASONABLE PRICES
BROKEN OR CRACKED SKULLS MENDED GOOD AS NEW
WE DO OUR OWN BONE-SETTING
TWUS A GREAT GAME!
HIS TEAM WON!
HERE JAMES I'VE BOUGHT YOU A NICE FOOT BALL FOR YOUR BIRTH DAY – NOW TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT AND DON'T GO KICKING IT AROUND!


GREAT AMERICAN PESTS
!*! ?@!
THE HALLOWEEN JOKESTERS

For Love of a Hick

(Continued From Page 5)

shop, the first to open, she bought a couple of rolls. The storekeeper eyes her curiously. She found herself near Jackson Park. She was very tired. She entered timidly, sat down on an iron bench near the lake, ate her rolls ravenously, sought to brush off the dust and dirt and cinders that clung to her short skirts, her shoes, combed back her short black hair with her fingers, smoothed out the wrinkes in her blouse.

THE park was almost deserted. A great limousine purred down the graveled drive A beautifully gowned woman called imperiously to the liveried chauffeur, who dismounted opened the door for her.

"You may call for me later here, in an hour perhaps, Francois," she said, in an exquisitely modulated voice. "I shall watch the lake for a time."

She came slowly across the grass, seated herself on a bench near Lottie, stared out at the lake, so restless and somber in the early light. She was a beautifully groomed woman, middle-aged, with graying hair and the saddest, unhappiest eyes into which Lottie had ever gazed. One jeweled hand clutched a rolled newspaper, but she did not read. Her tragic eyes stared with sorrow unspeakable at the shifting, turbulent waters of the lake.

She was silent, so motionless, Lottie quite forgot her presence. The girl's own sorrow engrossed her, her own misery engulfed her. She was alone and well nigh penniless in a strange city and an awful suspicion had assailed her. Had she been mistaken? Was Dan innocent? Had Pearl perhaps deceived her? Now that her fiery temper had cooled, she was sick with doubts. Had she fallen into a trap? She knew Pearl was none too good to lay such a trap for her. She groaned aloud.

"Dan, Dan!" Her heart wrung the piteous little cry from her troubled soul.

The woman near her started, turned, stared at the girl's wistful white face. She rose instantly, came nearer. Her face was very kind, almost beneficent.

"My poor child," she said softly, "are you in trouble? Can I help you."

Lottie started. In her pain she was not aware that she had spoken aloud, She blushed, half rose to her feet. The beautiful woman sat down beside her, laid her jeweled hand gently on her knee.

"Are you a stranger in the city? Can I help you?"

Lottie drew from her pocket the crumpled card which Vinson Danvers had given her, laid it timidly in the other's soft white hand.

"Not—unless—you could tell me how to reach this address," she said timidly.

The lady bent her head. The startled color shot into her face as she read the address engraved there, as she read Vinson Danvers' hurried scrawl Her hand flew to her breast, she drew back, stared at the girl beside her with widening eyes.

"My child, my child, where did you get this card? What is this man to you?"

Lottie stared speechless at the stricken face so near her own.

"I—he—he said he'd put my name in white lights," she faltered piteously. "He said he'd make me a famous dancer."

The lady groaned aloud, turned her head away for a moment, pressed her hand to her lips to still their quivering. When she turned back Lottie saw that her lashes were wet with tears.

"Thank God, I found you, God must have sent me here," she cried. "That man," she paused, for a moment could not go on, "is a scoundrel, a beast, a, oh, how shall I express it, a wolf in sheep's clothing. He preys on innocent girls. Only this morning," she shuddered, "the papers have the account of a suicide, a girl, not so long ago lovely and young and trusting like yourself, who killed herself last night." She spread out the crumpled newspaper. Lottie bent forward, stared at the grisly headlines, at a girl's face, young and innocent like her own. "Dead, she is dead," the voice rose to a wail. "And that girl came like yourself—with a card for Vinson Danvers."

Lottie started to her feet, her limbs trembling.

"Who—who—are you?" she whispered.

The stranger's face quivered, her eyes darkened, were suddenly stricken.

"I—I am that most unhappy woman—Vinson Danvers' wife——" she said slowly.

"No, no." Lottie cowered back, shrank from that tragic face, from those sad haunting eyes. Shuddering, she fled, casting frightened glances back over her shoulder at the woman who had already forgotten her, who stared with blank, unseeing eyes out at the turbulent, shifting waters of the lake, somber beneath a somber sky.

For two days and nights Lottie tramped the streets of the great city, an outcast, seeking work. Despite her desperate care the little store of money in her pocket dwindled away Horrible as the days were, alone in the hurrying, scurrying crowds of that great hive of human bees, continually at work, she saw the nights approach with a greater dread, a dread too horrible for words. She slept on benches in the park, hid in dark areaways, suffered unspeakable horrors. Bleary-eyed men accosted her, to send her fleeing in mad panic thru the dark streets, Pallid, sniffing youths tugged at her sleeve, jeered coarsely when she tore from their ravenous grasp. Of work there seemed to be none for her. Despair, awful sinking despair griped her vitals.

On the morning of the third day, Saturday, that Saturday which was to have been her wedding day, she sat a limp, worn, haggard creature on a bench in Grant Park That morning she had eaten in the breadline, snatched her cup of coffee, her bun, ravenously from the hands that ministered to that forlorn assemblage of outcasts. Penniless! She was penniless! Lottie shivered. Hunger, fear had ravished her young face, grayed her fresh color. With eyes that stared straight before her she sat motionless on the narrow bench, hopeless, unutterably dejected.

The wind whipped a newspaper from a man's hand on the avenue, tossed it gleefully beneath horses' feet, beneath motor wheels, separated it, and playfully wrapped one sheet about Lottie's ankles. The girl bent listlessly, started, her lips parted soundlessly. She snatched the sheet up, spread it out on her knee stared at it with widening eyes From the center of the crumpled page a face stared at her, a simple, homely, honest face, with wide straight-forward eyes, a generous country-bred face, Dan's face!

Lottie shrank as from a physical blow. She shut her eyes. Her heart pumped the startled color furiously into her white face. Trembling, she forced herself to read. There it was in glaring headlines:

SOLDIER HELD ON CHARGE OF
MURDER — PRETTY HELLO
GIRL MISSING — SWEET-
HEART ARRESTED.

Dan Garvin, private in the 9th Regiment, Provincetown Barracks, has been arrested and is in the county jail pending the action of the Wells County grand jury. Garvin is accused of the murder of Miss Lottie Kelly, a local telephone operator, who disappeared from her home Wednesday. The Kelly girl was last seen about 9 o'clock Wednesday night in the City Park with the soldier.

Mr. T. A. Ashgrew, a local attorney, testified to coming upon a girl answering to the Kelly's girl's description struggling with a soldier in the park about 9:30 o'clock Wednesday night. He reported the matter to Patrolman Trotter, who went to investigate. As the officer entered the park a soldier who appeared much agitated passed him. The officer called but the soldier only quickened his pace. The officer searched the park but found no girl.

When the Kelly girl's disapparance was reported to the police, this incident was recalled. She was traced to the park where she went to meet Garvin. Garvin does not deny meeting her there, and admits that he quarreled with the girl, but denies any knowledge of her disappearance.

Search reveals that something or some one had been dragged down the embankment which separates the park from the river. It is common belief that the soldier became enraged, struck the girl, killed her, and to conceal his fiendish crime threw her lifeless body into the river. Search of Garvin's belongings revealed a bloody handkerchief which he claims to have used to stanch nose bleed.

The grand jury is now in session and it is generally believed Garvin will be indicted and held over until the next session of court.

A bad point against Garvin's case is the fact that, when arrested, he was on the point of leaving town, having already purchased his ticket. Since his arrest he has persistently refused to make a statement. He neither denies nor affirms his guilt, but seems to be in a dazed condition.

Public sentiment is running very high against the accused man. The victim was a popular young girl, the sole support of an aged father who is prostrated with grief over the affair. Guards have been doubled about the jail. There is some fear of violence.

LOTTIE crushed the paper into a wad with trembling fingers, then frantically straightened it out again. Dan, arrested! Dan accused of murder! Dan in jail! Dan in danger of his life! She began to whimper like some tortured animal But how absurd, how awful. She started to her feet. She must go home, she must tell them, she must save him. She stared wildly about, ran a few steps, paused, threw up her hands.

(Concluded on Page 26.)

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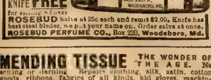
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Caged Hate

(Continued From Page 11.)

any definity, like so many days, or so many months, or so many years. Their hope had lagged down to that terrible ebb at which the future was encompassed in indefinite limits and found expression only in the feeble mutter of "Some day——"

Suddenly this rather listless thousand men experienced a sort of electrification. The gate opening into the rotunda between the two cellhouses had been opened and quickly closed again. A murmur ran thru the throng that a new prisoner had come amongst them.

There was a general movement toward the gate—not a rush; just a shuffling forward and craning of necks. A desire to see something new was in the air; a craving to see one so lately from the world, one who had just rubbed elbows with freedom.

The new prisoner was in utter misery. He was a young man, between 25 and 30; well built and, in decent garb, would have been good looking. His new striped uniform fit him illy; his clipped head felt strange; he thought himself the most wretched looking object in the world. He had served but a few minutes of a five-year sentence and the terrible sombreness depressed him. A word, a question, would have relieved the tension of that ocular bombardment.

"Where're you from, Jack?" a prisoner asked.

"McArdle," was the relieved answer.

Several prisoners who also had come from McArdle, one many years ago, crowded about the newcomer and asked eager questions. They spoke the names of principal streets and leading citizens and even found they knew a few people not so "leading."

"What'd you bring with you?" asked another prisoner.

"How's that—I don't——"

"What'd the judge say when the jury went home?"

"I don't believe——"

"Oh, h—l! How much time have you got?"

"Oh, I understand—why, I've got five years."

There was a general laugh. The tension was broken. They did not ask his name nor his crime. That would reveal itself in due time.

"Five years!" repeated an old convict in a derisive voice—a convict who had already "put up" thice five years. "Five years! Huh! I can hang up by the thumbs that long."

Thus began Ellis Oakman's term in prison—a term that was to make him known as one of the most remarkable prisoners that place had ever seen.

After he had had his first meal in the big mess hall, Ellis Oakman was plucked from the marching line and led to a receiving cell on a lower tier. He heard the rattling of doors and sliding of bolts along the corridors of rock and steel—and then a brooding silence down upon this colony of misery. He sat upon the edge of his bunk and faced his first night in prison.

In the yard, mingling with the prisoners, he had forgotten for a time his own tragedy, but now, alone, the old question swept over his scattered senses and bore him down again.

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he come clean?"

The full weight of his plight descended upon him in the solitude of the niche-like cavern, the steel kennel in the like of which he was to spend so much of the future. He could hear the faint breathing of nearby prisoners. Now and then he caught a sigh rising above all other sound as some poor wretch awakened from a pleasant dream only to find himself still in a cell. At intervals a rubber soled guard flitted like a phantom past the barred frame of his doorway, dimly visible in the ghostly light of the corridor.

The futility of anything he could do swept over his senses like a rushing tide. If he cried out none but a silencing guard would heed him. A strong man made helpless—that was his agony. He sprang from his bunk and tugged at the bars of the cell door. Their immovability served only to sharpen his despair. Then he fell back, sobbing; and late in the night fell into a fitful sleep.

Ellis Oakman did not have a "prison temperament." There are men no braver than he, who can adjust themselves to prison more easily. They worry, but they do not worry themselves into fidgets. Ellis Oakman was not that kind—the very thought of being caged in, unhinged his better judgment, and this state of mind soon led to the remarkable series of events which was to make him long remembered in that prison.

He spent the early forenoon in the yard, watching the prisoners being checked into the shops and work-places for the day's work. Soon a prisoner approached him and studied the stenciled numbers, "2896" on his shirt bosom.

"You're wanted down to the gate," the man said, and led him to the fenced-off space in which a guard sat before a huge blackboard on which was chalked a bewildering array of numbers.

"What was your trade on the outside?" the guard asked.

"I was an accountant and a bookkeeper," replied Oakman.

"Say 'sir' to me, always," the guard commanded abruptly.

Oakman swallowed a lump of anger—a burst of wrath almost escaped his tightly drawn lips, but he realized his position in time. The guard was glaring with angry menace.

"Are you going to say 'sir'?" he demanded.

Oakman hesitated another moment. "Yes, sir," he said, but the words came hard.

"So you was a bookkeeper, eh?" the guard resumed. "Is that all? Didn't you ever work at shoemaking or tailoring?"

"No, sir."

"Nor at mason work or carpentering?"

"No, sir."

"Um-m-m," the guard mused. "Well," he announced, with abrupt decision, "I'll have to put you on the rock-heap. You don't seem to have no trade that amounts to anything. Did you ever work at blacksmithing?"

"No, sir."

"Take him over to Forbes," the guard ordered, turning to the prisoner, who had led Oakman to the gate. "The stone-pile is the only thing I can do for him."

The prisoner led him to another part of the great yard, where a hundred convicts were swinging huge sledges upon mammoth rocks—breaking and shaping stone for a new cellhouse—and presented him to Forbes, the guard in charge of the gang.

"Watch yourself and do what they tell you, Jack," the prisoner whispered before he left him, "and maybe you'll get something easier in a couple of months."

"A couple of months!" The words hit his senses dully. The time was beyond his comprehension in this place. "A couple of months!" Mechanically, at a sign from Forbes, Oakman lifted a ponderous sledge.

Asa Forbes, the guard who presided over the rock gang, was a bull-necked and bull-headed individual whose sensibilities were harder than the stones at which his wretched crew hammered and chipped. There was one system by which a man could get along with Mr. Forbes—and that was to outstrip all the other laborers in amount of work. Guards of the various gangs received their credit marks, and eventually promotion, on the basis of the labor accomplished by their gangs—thus the round-headed Mr. Forbes had a peculiarly personal motive in keeping the sledges palpitating upon the stubborn rocks.

Forbes was not a brute in the sense of standing over the convicts with a club. He didn't even carry a gun or weapon of any kind. Inside guards do not carry firearms, for it would be a very easy matter for a prisoner to snatch a gun and turn it upon the other guards. The armed guards were those on the walls or those who did not come into actual contact with the prisoners.

No, Forbes did not stand over the men with threats. He sat upon a rock and watched them closely. He did not drive them beyond ordinary effort. A fair day's work was all he asked—if a prisoner wanted to do more than that, he rose in the good graces of Forbes. But a prisoner had better take care that he didn't do less than a fair day's work. And that brings us to the point at which he clased with Ellis Oakman.

Oakman, being rather large of body, looked capable of heavy work. His muscles, however, were soft. An office worker for ten years, he had not taken more than casual exercise, and the size of his body was deceiving as to his actual strength and ability to wield a sledge. Mr. Forbes went by appearances.

It was on the second day of his labor that Ellis Oakman paused in his work and sat down on the rock. He was permitted to sit there two minutes and then Forbes, watch in hand, reminded him that his rest was up.

"Rest is up," said Forbes, abruptly.

"My arms are full of kinks, sir, and my back is giving out," Oakman said. "It's a little strenuous at the start."

"Them kinks'll straighten out," Forbes observed, icily, "if you keep that sledge in the air."

Oakman arose and picked up the sledge. Laboriously he worked for a half hour, the great hammer falling upon the rocks more from its own weight than from any force he could muster after he had swung it into the air. Forbes watched him closely.

"Throw a little heft on that hammer when you fetch it down," the guard commanded. "It takes weight to break them stones."

Oakman threw as much "heft" into the downward strokes as he could, and so eager was he to please the guard, that he spent his strength for these swings, having nothing much left for each successive upward strokes. He didn't know how to wield a sledge and Forbes didn't choose to give him any instruction—a word now and then which would have eased his muscles and still have got a maximum of work.

The August sun bored into the prisoner's bent back and perspiration poured down his face. Time after time he was on the point of flinging the sledge to the ground and defying Forbes, but somehow he kept going. The habit of talking to himself was growing on him and came to the top now.

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he come clean?"

The mumbling words had no more than escaped his lips when the muscles of his back brought up sharply, as with lumbago, and the sledge clattered to the ground.

"I can't go on at this pace, sir," Oakman said, respectfully. "If you will let me take it easier for a day or two, my muscles will get hard and I will be all right. But it's been a long time, sir, since I did a hard day's work."

"Laziness don't get you nowheres in this place," Forbes commented, not deigning to consider Oakman's plea. "There's a place here where we put lazy men—'specially big, strong bruisers like yourself; mutterin' and loafin' on the job."

"But my muscles are soft, sir," Oakman protested, still speaking with the utmost respect. "I don't wish to escape work—I only ask to go a little slow for a day or two."

Forbes did not heed the appeal—he glared as tho he hadn't heard the words.

"Are you goin' to grab that hammer?" he asked, finally, biting his words sharply.

"No!" said Oakman, in a quick sweep of anger—and he regretted it a moment later.

Forbes arose quietly from the rock and beckoned another guard to take charge of his gang. Then he grasped Oakman by the arm and led him to the administration building. Soon they were in the office of Deputy Warden Michels.

"Muttering threats, refusing to work and surliness to a guard," were the charges.

"Put him in the hole," Michels commanded after Forbes had stated an elaborate view of the case.

"How long, sir?" asked Forbes.

"Oh, I don't know," Michels said meditatively. Stick him in there till he tells us he's ready to go to work and behave himself."

So they put him in the "hole," also known as the "dunj"—a dark cell underneath one of the prison-houses. Ellis Oakman was entering upon the first phase of his career of incorrigibility.

III.

THE cell, one of three, was about twelve feet square and as black as a stack of charcoal in a mine. When the great door was swung to, not a gleam of gray light could seep in. There was no bunk; nothing but the rock floor upon which to lie. Far underground, the cell was cool even in midsummer. On the bottom of the door was a contraption with two sliding doors, one opening from the outside and one from the inside. Into this each day were placed a pound of bread and a steel jar of water. The edges of the jar were rounded smoothly—dungeon prisoners must not have anything sharp. After he had drunk the water he must place the empty jar in the contraption, else another jar would not be put in from the outside.

All these things were explained, bruskly, to Oakman before the door shutting out all light was jammed shut. He also was told to hammer upon the steel door with his water jar when he "made up his mind to work and behave himself."

Oakman stood stock still for a few moments after he turned into the blackness of the cell. He had an idea that he would be able to see something after his eyes had grown accustomed to the

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gloom—but that was a foolish dream. These cells were absolutely vision-proof. He moved over to a steel wall and circled the cell in search of a bunk. Then it dawned upon him that there was no bunk. He took to pacing the floor, holding his hands outstretched until he had got the dimensions of the place.

Tiring of this he lay down, resting his head in the cup of his hand. His elbow soon became tired and he tried the other arm. That, too, soon wore weary against the rock. His bones began to ache. There was no position in which he could lie in comfort. His coat having been stripped from him, he could not make a pillow. Having no underclothing, he could not use his shirt or trousers for that purpose. Even his shoes had been taken from him.

The cell was sound-proof. He lived in an utter, black silence. Once each day there was a faint grating at the door—when his food was put in. That was all—a faint sound once each twenty-four hours.

The sensation of being miles and miles from all humanity came upon Oakman—he knew not when. He got so he could not tell, without feeling with his fingers, whether his eyes were open or shut. He alternatively lay on the rock floor and paced back and forth, back and forth. Of course, he lost all track of time. He never knew whether it was midnight or midday. He had an idea that food was given him in the morning, but he wasn't sure. Waking from a nap, he didn't know whether he had slept an hour or a day.

There was a vast difference between his position and that of a man on a forsaken island. The man on the island has God's own sunlight and God's own darkness—darkness softened by moon and stars. He has God's own rain to cool his fever. He has the trees and plants—and that is life. In time he associates himself with this life—he makes friends of the trees and flowers. If he has shelter and food, he can be happy. He is still a part of the world; his feet are upon the earth.

But Oakman! Within a square quarter-mile of him were more than one thousand human beings, but he might as well have been upon a deserted planet millions and millions of miles off into space. There was nothing around him to suggest life. His senses become so dulled that he ceased even to mutter, or to think of, the eternal question:

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he come clean?"

He sank into a numbed torpor. He ceased to be a human being. He ate his food and drank his water—but a plant will drink water. He fed himself and lived upon instinct, not reason.

He lived in a silence that bore him down and in a black darkness that even choked him when he breathed it. He ceased even to speak. The sound of his own voice struck his ear like a hammering gong held close. It beat upon his eardrums like the sledge he had wielded in the prison yard. He dared not even whisper. The darkness became people with terrible shapes and figures.

In the last struggle of his fading senses his body took on a ferocious animation. He paced and paced the floor until his socks were worn to tatters and his feet bled upon the rocks.

Then, in that awful silence and darkness, his mind toppled. He yelled and shrieked in fury and beat his hands to blood and bone against the steel walls. Exhausted, he sank to the rock floor, and lay there until they found him.

When Oakman regained consciousness he was lying on a cot in a room flooded with morning sunlight and in which he could hear low-spoken words and other sounds of a hospital ward. A bandage was over his eyes but when he opened them he could see a grayness far unlike the gloom he had just escaped. Darts of pain shot thru the eyes—eyes burned raw by black darkness, and he closed them quickly. A convict-nurse leaned over him.

"I hope you're feeling better," the man said kindly. The voice sounded far away. It was the first voice, save his own, he had heard in—he didn't know how long.

"I am better," Oakman whispered. "Where am I?"

"In the hospital."

"In the—the——"

"Yes, in the prison hospital. You'd better be quiet a while now. The doctor is coming soon, and he'll take the bandage off your eyes."

"How long—how long," asked Oakman, "was I in that dungeon?"

"Twenty-seven days," the man told him.

Only twenty-seven days! He could have sworn he was in there a year. Only thirty days of his five years served! Hundreds and hundreds of days yet to come.

Oakman was in the hospital a week—the first time. He was fed well and gained strength rapidly. Then he went back to the rock gang.

Four days he worked and still he could not endure the pace at which Forbes pushed men. The others were used to it. They ate heavily of the coarse, but nutrious, prison fare—so far as quantity was concerned, the men were well fed. These prisoners' muscles were like steel but Oakman's body simply could not harden in so short a time. Forbes hated him cordially now—and things looked very black.

Again the ponderous sledge crashed to the ground and Oakman sank upon a rock, muttering:

"Why doesn't he come to the front—why doesn't he come clean?"

Forbes watched him quietly, pulling out his watch and permitting him the usual two-minute rest. Then he ordered him back to work.

"I can't go on," Oakman told him. "You'll have to let me work slower for a few days."

"Say 'sir' to me, you dirty——"

The vile epithet had no more than escaped the guard's lips before Oakman, his nervers at the limit of endurance, sprang upon him and bore him to earth. The struggle was short, for other guards took a hand, and Oakman, beaten insensible, was taken back to the hospital. The next day he was sentenced by Deputy Michels to be "strung up by the wrists until he hollered for mercy."

They led him to an isolated cell—not a dark cell—and with handcuffs chained him to the door in such fashion that his hands were extended above his head. His arms were not stretched taut so that his toes just touched the floor, as in olden days, but were left limp. He stood squarely upon his feet and it looked, at first, as tho he were going to be very much at ease.

As he stood looking into the corridor the question he had asked so often lost itself in a swell of bursting hate. In its place came:

"The dirty skunk—he isn't going to come clean!"

Straight ahead he fastened his eyes, as tho an enemy were creeping upon him and his life hung on watchfulness; that squinting, steady gaze, lips drawn tight, of flaming wrath. His last hopes, his lingering shreds of confidence, had gone to ashes—as cotton threads touched by flame. A great affection had turned to a cold cinder—a furious hatred that seemed to give him strength to move the world; and still he couldn't stir from the spot upon which he stood.

"The dirty skunk—he isn't going to come clean!"

Over and over he repeated it inwardly—unmindful of nerves that had begun to clamor pain. Over and over, over and over—and then, with a snap, his mind came back to his body—and he found himself in the first stages of a new torture.

His elbows were numb. It wasn't pain—it was an extremely disagreeable feeling, as tho both "funny-bones" were being tapped by small hammers. He wanted to rub the elbows with his hands but of course he couldn't. Then his forearms began to ache, his hands became cold—so cold that he couldn't clasp and unclasp them in an effort to draw back the receding blood.

Slowly and relentlessly the blood-tide fell downward in the arms until they were dead to the shoulders. The remainder of his body became feverish and his throat filled with rushes of blood. He shifted from one foot to the other and made frantic efforts to expel thoughts of his bodily suffering from his mind. His head ached dully. Shutting his eyes, he felt exactly as tho he were armless, and the thought swelled his nervousness.

His feet alternately tingled with needle-pricking numbness and burned with fever. They became so nervous that he shifted them constantly and teetered up and down on the balls of his soles. A hollow sensation smote his solar plexus and his throat became so full of blood that his breathing grew into hoarse gasps.

He could have ended his suffering with a cry. The corridor guard, who observed him at intervals, had orders to unstring Oakman whenever he cried for help, which was to be taken as his capitulation. But Oakman's mental condition was something the officials of the prison didn't understand. He wasn't fighting them—he wasn't thinking of them. His whole soul was gripped by one fact.

"The dirty skunk—he isn't going to come clean!"

And Oakman did something that no other prisoner in that place had ever done. He hung upon those bars until he became unconscious!

Without a cry, or so much as a moan, he deliberately permitted his senses to fade. His body burned with flashes of fever and chilled into freezing tingliness as his heart faltered in its heroic struggle. In a final rush of the most excruciating pain, he clamped his jaws shut so tightly that they ached—to keep himself from crying out. The pain sucked the blood from his brain and he slumped, insensible; hanging so limply and heavily that the steel of the handcuffs gouged into the flesh of his wrists. He hung with tongue lolling from his mouth and eyes starkly staring

Eight hours from the time they strung him up Oakman was back in the hospital.

IV

REDUCED, dragged down, at the end of two years to a shadow of his former self, Ellis Oakman had become the prison's worst incorrigible. Too bad there was not some official who had endeavored to understand him—to see the

(Continued on Page 20.)

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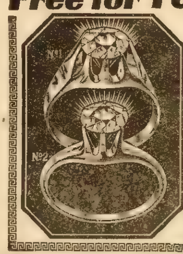

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Welding the Black Menace

(Continued From Page 7)

his wife what he had learned, and the young women seeing her so worried questioned her till she told them the meager news that she had.

As they arose from the table a waiter put the translated letter, an original and carbon typed copy, upon the table. The father and stepmother bent over the original, while the two young women stood in a corner of their luncheon booth and breathlessly read the carbon copy. They dashed thru to the end in breathless haste. The letter—so the translator said—was anonymous, but was sealed with the seal of Lady Khorassen of the Algerian tribe of El Jamil. Nina Mortimer, looking with wide eyes into the dewy eyes of Julia Wentworth, read aloud to her certain passages.

"Beg him to come back to America and to marry his betrothed—Oh, he is in great danger of falling in love with another woman of another faith, who, I am afraid loves him devotedly. . . . He is too good, too noble, too generous, and I fear he will fling his life away like water on the sand just to save this woman from some real or imagined danger. . . . I believe he has in the past loved his fiance in America dearly. This new thing is only an infatuation, the result of the charm that all Oriental women have for all red-blooded Western men—it is a fatal charm and will ruin him forever."

"Nina," said Julia Wentworth in awed tones as they finished the letter for the third time, "the woman who wrote that letter is no other than the Lady Khorassen, and the Lady Khorassen is no other than the woman with whom your brother is in love. Why, Nina, it shows in every line. She is fearful for his safety, she wishes him to remain true to his American fiancee, she says openly that she loves him." Julia Wentworth's eyes were beginning to show fire under their dew. Her beautiful Madonna face was drawn with an expression of pain and pride.

"Nina," she said, "I shall remain here in Paris. You others may go on and find him, if you can. I cannot go."

Mrs. Mortimer came over to where the other two were standing. "It is settled," she said. "We can make the best time by taking the yacht, rounding the coast of Spain, and sailing direct for Tunis. Your father is convinced there are some sort of roads in that dreadful country, and he will buy a small car here or at Cherbourg and have it loaded on the yacht. He has now gone out to get the ambassador to collect for him all the available data on that horrible country; and I," she continued, "am going to call at once upon the State Department, or whatever department is necessary, and learn all I can about this woman, Lady Khorassen. Your father has already learned that she once lived here in Paris, where she collected charity or subsidies or something of the sort for the ragamuffins of her tribe."

As she spoke the three were looking out the window into the Paris streets, where it was beginning to rain drearily. A crowd of red-capped Moroccans, as filthy as the proverbial Turk, came by with their street sweeping brooms. "Those are Algerians, I think," said the proud Mrs. Mortimer, and Julia Wentworth gave a deep shudder of disgust.

"Mrs. Mortimer," she said in a voice that was chilliness itself, "I am sorry not to continue to be one of your party, but I have decided to remain in Paris till your return."

"But, my dear."

"Julia is entirely right, mama," put in Nina. "If you have understood that letter you can see that she is entirely right."

"Then, Nina dear, you must stay with her. I think really that all three of us ought to stay. This is a man's business, going on a man hunt thru the wilds of Africa. Yes, I think we had all three better stay right here in Paris."

JULIA was stony-eyed. The soul of the Wentworths was rising slowly up in her. The Wentworths of Virginia and Connecticut had never stooped to play second fiddle to any one. The fact that Julia was very distantly related to the Mortimers of New York did not make her any the more willing that they should pity her. And to have a savage woman divide places with her, it was too horrible, and for them to know it was more horrible still.

She asked the other two coldly to excuse her, as she had a headache and wished to lie down. She went alone to the room which the two girls had been occupying together. In her hand she still clutched the carbon copy of the translation of Lady Khorassen's desperate letter. She flung herself down across her bed and wept. In her maiden purity she had always believed that all Harold Wentworth's daring or reckless adventures had been with men and among men. Now, as she understood this letter and the other information they had gleaned in Paris, he had fallen in love with a savage woman in Paris, followed her to her village of mud huts in Africa, adopted her tribe and taken on its customs in order to win her for the queen of a sort of harem he meant to set up there.

The thought of the Moroccan street sweepers she had just seen still lingered. This veiled woman was after all of that same blood. Her anger rose. She beat her delicate little right fist into her palm, and vowed that she would never speak to Harold Mortimer again while she lived. Then the thought that he might already be dead, killed in some tribal brawl, made her blood run cold. She remained in the room all the long, dreary afternoon, while the rain fell in sluices and the day grew grayer and grayer. And Nina had too much good sense to intrude.

Meanwhile, long before dinner time, she heard the loud and excited voice of Mortimer, Sr., in the next room talking to his wife and daughter:

"I found that we can get there much quicker by going to Marseilles, taking a boat to Tunis or Algiers, purchasing a car there and getting thru by way of a place called Constantine and some sort of a native hole called Biskra. . . . Oh, nonsense, the country is perfectly safe. It is entirely under French and Italian protection. There are wars doubtless between the tribes, petty feuds, perhaps, but you may be sure they are careful not to annoy white folks. You must all come along. It will probably prove nothing but an enjoyable lark and the boy safe and sound at the end. . . . Well, who cares for a little discomfort? We won't be out of touch of civilization more than a week or ten days at the outside, and you will have an experience to make your friends' eyes in America stick out."

Suddenly all voices were lowered, and Julia Wentworth winced as she knew they were certainly discussing her case.

"But we must start tonight," again came the booming voice of Mortimer, Sr. "There is really no time to be lost. . . . Yes, but if I go alone how am I to persuade the crazy pup to come back. Nina, you'll just have to go along, and of course that will mean that mamma will have to go, too. If Julia doesn't feel like going, I'll make the arrangement for a fortnight of delightful visiting here in Paris. There are the Thrailkills and my cousin, Judd Mortimer; she would be welcome as long as she likes with either of them. . . . Yes, I know, I had thought of that—then the Thrailkill's——" in lower tones.

Julia rose, tidied herself up a bit, and knocked on the door of the other apartment. Her tones were steady as she spoke, but Mortimer Sr. had never seen her looking so white before.

"Mr. Mortimer," she said, "I don't know just what your plans are, but I have thought the matter over, and shall book a passage home by the first good sailing I can get. I wish to say, also, that when you have found your son, you will not refer to me in any way in your efforts to get him to come home. Our engagement is at an end; here is the ring he gave me two years ago." She dropped a tiny circlet of gold into the hands of the discomfited Mortimer, Sr.

"But, my dear young lady."

"Julia is right, daddy," put in Nina stoutly. "How could she think of seeing Harold again until he has humbled himself before her."

"But . . . Listen, Miss Julia. This affair is a bit of mere insanity on the boy's part. Our appearance as a party on the scene will have the effect of bringing him to his senses. You should no more be angry with him about that affair than you should if he had been run over by an automobile and knocked crazy. The boy is sick I tell you—he is out of his head."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mortimer, but I of course do not agree with you about that, and I beg that we drop the discussion at once. I only came in to express to you all how grateful I am to you for your hospitality and to say good-by to you, as I overheard you saying that you would be leaving immediately after dinner."

"Hospitality—say good-by—Look here, Julia, you can't pull that high-handed stuff with me. I'm your friend, why, I'm mighty nigh your daddy, and besides, we're kinfolks. The Wentworths of Virginia and the Mortimers of New York have been friends ever since there's been any Mortimers and Wentworths. We haven't done anything, and when I get thru with that runaway pup of mine, he'll be only too glad to crawl forward and lick your hand."

"Don't be so sure, Daddy Mortimer," said Julia with a laugh in which the tears threatened to start; "and if you don't wish this to be good-by, I'll see you to the station tonight. Come, Nina, and I'll help you pack."

Three days later the Mortimer party was at Algiers, listening to the patient explanation of the French colonial agent there as to the conditions of—or rather the absence of roads in the Kitar, the danger of trying to carry unveiled women thru the desert, and the danger of simoons, when he received the following cable from Paris:

> Wait in Constantine for me. Will join you at once. JULIA.

CHAPTER XII.

THE receipt of this cablegram caused the impatient Mortimer infinite annoyance and the two ladies endless speculation, and a certain medicum of relief, for after the reports of the colonial agent faithfully retailed to them by Mortimer, they were not as impatient as he to go into the interior. They had three delightful days sitting on a hotel veranda looking north across the sea and speculating on the state of Julia Wentworth's feelings. They canvassed the thing from every angle; womanlike, felt that here was a romance worth having for Julia, provided, of course, it did not end tragically for her.

They talked of Lady Khorassen until they had said every possible thing about her and made every possible guess many times over. They came to the conclusion repeatedly, that she was evidently a different sort of person from those Paris redcaps, else why had she exhibited a conscience. "There are low class and high class Algerians, just as there are low and high class Americans," they reasoned. "We should not like to be confused in people's mind with the poor whites of Virginia, or the dwellers in the New York slums. Well, this Lady Khorassen may be a very high class and charming woman—still she's a heathen for all that."

While the women spent their time in delightful ease, thinking of the hardships before them, Mortimer, Sr., was keeping the cables busy. He at length called up Paris, the Transcontinental Airline Company who were said to operate an airline down the coast as far as Rabat in Morocco, and for a staggering sum they agreed to come to Algiers in a passenger plane, pick up his four passengers and take them safely to the oasis of El Jamil, "somewhere in the Sahara."

The colonial agent still protested that the idea was inpractical and very hazardous, but the bluff American poohpoohed him to scorn. Where Americans wanted to go they went, that was all; they didn't let every little dinky discouragement turn them back.

Julia arrived the same afternoon that the big plane crossed from Marseilles. She had regained a little of her color and all her courage. She pretended to look upon the whole trip as a pleasant junketing party. She even joked about Harold Mortimer and his veiled beauty. Of course, not one of the party had the courage to ask her why she had so suddenly changed her mind; they were too thankful that she had at last decided to come along.

On the morning of the first day of July they took the air at Algiers, flew east until they were over Constantine and then turned south toward Biskra and Ghadames. Mortimer, Sr., joked and talked a great deal, partly to keep up the spirits of the ladies and partly, altho he never would have admitted it, to keep up his own spirits. Mrs. Mortimer and Julia grew dreadfully seasick, but Nina took the airpockets like the excellent sailor she was. That letter had not said a word about Dan McDonough, but her heart told her that he was in the desert with her brother.

They really expected to find the oasis of El Jamil before nightfall if they had good luck. Otherwise they would be forced to bivouac wherever sunset overtook them, and renew their search the second day.

They were greatly surprised about the middle of the afternoon upon observing in their path, directly behind them, two more airplanes. The French driver and his alternate were both of the opinion

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that it might be somebody sent after them to warn them back and advised that they go about in a circle and allow the second planes to come up.

But Mortimer was not willing to do this. Instead he insisted on a wide detour completely avoiding the other two, who might, he reasoned from Lady Khorassen's letter, be the planes of some deadly enemy, which she had hinted was a European. They therefore made a wide detour to the east, whereupon the smaller of the two planes, a Spad biplane, kept straight on south, but the second and larger plane shifted its course and followed them. The ladies had by this time become very nervous, as also had the two pilots. They pulled backed into their course, crossed a wide shott, or lake, and started on up the dry bed of the Wady Igharghar. They now found themselves both chasing and being chased. They were directly behind the Spad and were being followed by the larger plane.

"We may be in for it," muttered Mortimer to his wife. "Whatever did that fool boy want to come into this country for?"

One of the pilots now called back thru the speaking tube: "We're in for a storm, Mr. Mortimer. Notice the sky to the southwest."

Mortimer looked and saw, rising like a tidal wave from the southwestern horizon, a blanket of gray cloud. In ten minutes more it had cut off the sun and spread well round to the northwest. They noticed also that the big plane behind them, which they now observed to be an Italian triplane, was putting on all possible speed as if to overtake them. It was really running from the simoon, but, of course, Mortimer could not guess that, and the two pilots only had a faint suspicion that such might be the case. Neither of them were desert wise, but they had good cause to speed up before the big plane behind them and try to gain the shelter of a large camp where there were at least fifty white men with rifles and machine-guns, as they had been informed in Paris was the case.

The pilot, who was not busy at the time, therefore kept his glasses to his eyes looking for a new irrigation project, a large camp of natives, and a small oasis of a certain detailed description. Also he watched the plane which they were trailing to see when it was going to make a landing. The air was specially full of pockets that afternoon. At times it was as sultry as the fumes of a furnace and then as chilly as if it were blowing across a field of snow. Also mirages were numerous. They saw lakes where no lake ever was, mountains that had their bases in midair, and towns where no towns could possibly be. It had all long since begun to be dreamlike and unreal to the three women, who felt a vague fear as if they were going into the desert never to return. Just what Julia Wentworth's feelings were that afternoon it would be hard to say. Did she herself know why she was going into the desert? Who can say? She never told afterward why she went to El Jamil.

THAT blanket of ash-colored cloud had now reached the zenith, and puffs of wind from the southwest were beginning to make the plane hard to manage. It rocked and tossed and listed to one side, until its inmates lost all sense of balance and all became seasick alike.

"It is surely the simoon," said one of the pilots to the other. "Had we better stop as soon as we can find some sort of shelter?"

"Shelter!" sneered the other bitterly. "I have read somewhere that there is no shelter for an airplane from the simoon. I've a notion to turn due east and run before it." He turned to the speaking tube. "It's the simoon, Mr. Mortimer," he called. "I'm going to turn due east and run for it. If it then threatens to overtake us, I can only try to climb above it. What do you say?"

"We are in your hands," called back Mortimer. "But can't we make a landing?"

"We can. But we've no adequate camp equipment and not much water, and if the plane is wrecked and blown away we may never be found."

"Then do as you suggest. Turn east and run before it." Mortimer had suddenly turned very white.

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Mortimer.

"We're in some danger it appears," said Mortimer, trying to speak in a reassuring tone. Nina leaned forward and listened, but Julia seemed utterly indifferent to any danger that might threaten them.

The machine gave a lurch. The pilot was turning east. But just as he did so the alternate shouted in his ear: "Look! There's our camp and the villages of El Jamil! Look! The Spad is making a landing."

The machine righted herself.

The pilot shouted thru the speaking tube: "It's all right, Mr. Mortimer. Our destination is dead ahead! The Spad is making a landing!"

Mortimer shouted this information to the ladies, who one and all began to laugh nervously. But the machine suddenly began to lurch. Everybody now had field glasses to their eyes. But at one moment they saw the brown desert below them with a great camp and a green oasis in the distance, and the next without consciously changing position they were gazing into clear, coppery sky, and the next after that into great clouds of billowing dust.

"What on earth is the matter?" called Mortimer thru the speaking tube.

"Can't manage her, sir," came back the prompt reply. "We're caught in the simoon! I'm trying to climb."

At one instant every member of the party were thrown toward one end of the car and the next they were hurled back the other way. Consternation was on all faces. Only Nina, who was, as Big Dan had said, the best little sport in the world, felt it her duty to make fun of it all and thus keep the others in spirits. She knew very well, as they all did, that they were in danger of instant death.

They suddenly saw themselves enveloped in a cloud of dust that shut out the light like a blanket; and in the darkness they heard the roar as the great triplane swept by them, going possibly to her destruction. They endured what seemed an age of this, then suddenly the machine righted and sailed peacefully to the ground.

"Jump for it! Jump for it, quick! Here comes another!" shouted the pilots, as one scrambled up the side and pulled open a door.

Nina jumped first, and her stepmother, who was still young and very agile, followed her. Julia hesitated, and then made a wild leap, and fell on her side in the sand. But Mortimer, who was 60 years old and rather fat, would not jump.

"Put up the ladder quickly," shouted Nina. The pilot just got the ladder into place and Mortimer stepped upon it as the wind struck the machine. The machine gave a lurch and ladder and man were thrown to the ground.

The next instant the machine left the ground, careened threateningly, almost above their heads, and crashed to the ground two hundred yards away, a complete wreck. In the blinding rain of sand that was sweeping past them the six had to hold to each other to keep from being blown apart and lost. It was like a snow blizzard in northern Texas, except that instead of snow it was choking, blinding sand and dust.

"Oh, my Lord, I have broken my back," wailed Mortimer, Sr.

"And I have turned my ankle," sighed Mrs. Mortimer.

"This is a nice little junketing party," laughed Nina. "This, I believe, is the Garden of Allah? Or is it the Garden of Eden?"

Then suddenly appeared to the party out of the blinding dust, an apparition. It was a big man, hatless, coatless, almost shirtless. His face was covered with blood and his left hand was wrapped in a bloody and dirty rag. He wore military breeches, but was completely barefooted. But even in this disguise Nina recognized her lover, Big Dan McDonough.

"Dan!" she sobbed, and fell into his arms.

"Nina! Nina!" he moaned in reply. "What ever brought you on this wild goose chase? And, oh, my Lord, here are Julia and Mrs. Mortimer. Mortimer, for the love of Heaven, didn't they tell you at Tunis that this was a dangerous country?"

"They told me so—but—we were doing all right till the simoon struck us. Where's Harold? What has happened?"

"There's been a fight. Oh, my God, why did you bring these women here at this time?"

"But where's my boy? Where's Herrie?"

"Oh, you can't see him now! He's crazy! Absolutely mad! He positively wouldn't know you!"

"Oh-oh," moaned Nina, and Julia joined in the wail.

"But what has happened to him?" demanded the father sternly. He was shouting because the howling of the sandstorm made ordinary speech inaudible.

"I tell you there's been a battle. A Prussian came from the east with two machine guns mounted on his plane. The native guard became panic-stricken. Harold was away in the village below. The Prussiar made a capture. He has carried off the chief personage of the tribe, a lady; and Harold and the whole tribe are insane. They are trying to muster now, in the face of this simoon, for a counter expedition. Oh, I tell you, Mr. Mortimer, things are in a devil of a mess! And here you come with these women to complicate them still further."

"Then that was the Spad we saw in front of us?" said one of the pilots.

"No. The Spad was ours. It landed, and they're trying now, Harold and others, to anchor it and make it safe. We saw you and the triplane. The triplane is gone, no telling where, and our man Hobson and others in it. But, come, you two fellows, we must all join hands and try to get these women to shelter. It'll be black dark in twenty more minutes!"

What will be the fate of these tender New Yorkers in this hostile country of bloodthirsty fanatics and death-dealing sand storms? Already Mr. Mortimer and wife are somewhat disabled by their injuries, while between their little party and temporary safety thousands of savage Berbers—urged on by Prussian, Turk, Russian and Jap—may even now be eager to massacre all whites found with the tribe of El Jamil. Again, what will be the fate of Lady Khorassen, now that she is held captive by the Prussian? Another big installment in next week's Ledger.

* * *

Mocking Bird.

IN A park in a southern city of the United States, where mocking birds delight to congregate, the usual afternoon band concert was well under way, giving pleasure to a large and appreciative audience. Frequently mingled with, or even rising above the strains of the band, rose the melodious calls of the mockers, as if they were fully confident that no instruments of merely human contriving could outdo the glory and beauty of the notes which bubbled from their swelling throats so easily and naturally.

A canopy was placed over the heads of the musicians from the center of which, attached to its lofty staff, floated the Stars and Stripes, outlined against the brilliant blue of a southern sky. During one of the quieter portions of the music, a mocking bird took up his place at the very base of the flagstaff, and sung lustily and continously as if it had been prearranged that he was to be the soloist of the afternoon.

The leader of the band raised his hand to hush his musicians into silence, and then yielded to a graceful impulse, looked up at the matchless singer and raised his hat in salutation, with an honest recognition of his superiority. The singer seemed quite satisfied at this, and, without waiting for an encore, flew off, singing as he went, to a nearby live oak. Then the strains of the band again burst forth, doing the very best they could under the circumstances.

* * *

Proverbs of the Arabs.

IMPROVE thy intentions and thou may'st sleep fearlessly, even in the desert.

The greedy mouth of covetousness is not filled except by the grave.

The kettle reproved the kitchen spoon. "Thou blackie," he said, "thou idle babbler."

Who seeks for wealth without having any is like him who carries water in a sieve.

No needle has two sharp points.

You can't strip two skins off one cow.

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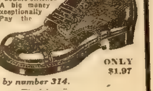

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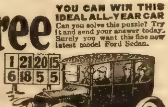

A school girl of 14 recently won Auto

Bigler's Barometer

(Concluded From Page 2)

weather, as Bradley's talk showed very plainly that the mercury was getting to his head, and fair weather was a dead certainty. So he went over to Dun's saloon and borrowed the money to put up the spot cash. He won a cool thousand, and this made old Bradley mad and reckless, and filled with a desire to get even. When a man gets in this condition he becomes an easy game, and a certain prey to designing enemies.

Bigler went to his man while the demon of a desire to get even had full possession of him, and in a short year had his money and his real estate safe in his pocket, so to speak.

RECALLING the way Bradley had given him employment in his days of poverty, he generously reciprocated the favor, and put his old employer at work on the horses the latter had once owned. In this way he had a more favorable opportunity than ever to study the weather thru Bradley—he called him Jack now—and soon acquired a local reputation for being the greatest weather prognosticator of the far West.

It was not long, however, before he began to weary of his limited orbit, and his friends encouraged him in the ambition to fill a wider sphere, secretly hoping, of course, that the sphere aforesaid would prove too big for him to fill. They urged him to go in and make a national reputation, and cast all the other weather prophets in the shade.

Spurred on by such encouragement, he finally got the Nevada Legislature to memorialize Congress to give Bigler a chance to forward a few sample prophecies to the Weather Bureau at Washington, just to show the department how the thing was done. The memorial also set forth the great advantages to agriculture of having a reliable weather man on deck in place of the old skates who were at that time drawing salaries to deceive the people.

In due course of time Bigler received notice that the department was ready to receive his weather prognostications. This concession had been brought about thru the untiring exertions of Senator Jonas, who had left a senatorial poker game at Willard's in order to bring the matter before the attention of the Government.

This honor somewhat excited Bigler, and he began to talk in his sleep. He always made Bradley sleep in the same apartment—for old acquaintance sake, he said, but really to have him where he could study his changes of mercurial altitude—and he gave forth so much weather in his somnambulistic trances that Bradley began to listen.

When he heard him mutter night after night, "If Jack only knew what was in him; if he only knew the cinch I have," and talk of that kind, Bradley went on a mental prospecting tour over himself, and like a flash he hit on the fact that he was loaded up with quicksilver, and the miserable ingrate he had called his friend had been utilizing him as a human barometer. The whole solution of the mystery came to him as rapidly as the returns on election day, that are posted up in New York several hours before the polls have closed in California. He began to wonder if the Lord would ever allow him to be sufficiently satiated with the satisfaction that was undeniably his due.

At first he decided to squash off the earth, as he would a noxious insect, the man who had robbed him of his wealth and reduced him to the level of a stable chambermaid, but after reflection he concluded to resort to strategy, and first break him of his reputation and humble him in the eyes of all the world while in the zenith of his fame.

It was easy enough. All he had to do was to pretend the quicksilver was in his head when it was in his feet, and vice versa. He began practicing how to be hilarious when actually depressed, and how to be melancholy when, in reality, he was brimming with levity. The last was a simple matter, for he was naturally of a morbicund disposition; but to appear hilarious when actually depressed required greater histrionic effort. Finally, however, by practice, and the assiduous study of the humorous columns of the local press, and a yellow-covered joke book, he became a master of dissimulation.

THE time arrived for Bigler to send on his first national prophecy—he was prognosticating for a continent now, and feeling nervous.

He watched Bradley like a cat. Bradley was also a good deal excited, for he realized it was the final struggle of their wits

Altho his spirits were at the top notch, he began at breakfast to complain of cold feet, and all day he grew more pensive and melancholy.

That night he asked Bigler to untie his shoe, advancing as a reason that he was unable to lift his foot up and lay his ankle over the other knee. When he crawled into bed he hinted at a desire to commit suicide.

This last remark was enough, and Bigler, rushing to the telegraph office, wired his first prophecy—a list of predictions of cloudbursts and cyclones, tempered with hail and lightning, that would have raised the hair of the American people in every town and hamlet and sent half the population to their cyclone cellars and storm caves if the papers had ever gotten hold of it. The fact that the weather department keeps its forecasts out of the press until they are over-ripe, so to speak, was all that saved it.

Immediately there began such a spell of heavenly weather that Jack Bradley had to buy lead insoles for his shoes to keep himself from jumping up and down. Then came the change. He suddenly felt the subtle fluid surging into his feet, and it dropped with such a thud that only by a superhuman effort could he act chipper and happy, and reel off the jokes he had mastered. However, his desire for revenge, aided by his artistic temperament, brought him thru. After three or four anxious hours, during which Bradley saw with horror his meteorological instrument getting gayer every moment, this false prophet, now reduced to the pitiful necessity of hedging, rushed away again and sent off a second message. He said that the cyclone he had expected had met with a counter current and caromed off to the North Pacific Ocean, where it was churning a hole in the water and destroying the ships that were en route for the Arctic regions. The country could now look for a long spell of serene, delightful weather such as it had not experienced for years.

Scarcely had the bulletin been issued when the storm of the century burst upon the country and destroyed thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.

This disaster proved fatal to Bigler. Being a proud man, and unwilling to give up without a struggle, he decided to cut loose from Bradley, strike out independently, and go into training as a barometer himself. But as his age and dignity made the long preparatory course at the pan mill out of the question, he tried to hasten nature by adda capsule of the desired element to his daily bill of fare; and died within a year, a victim to overweening scientific ambition.

Meantime, Bradley, awakened at last to the mine of wealth within him, decided to work on his own account, and, fearing a repetition of the Bigler episode if he remained on his native heath, smuggled himself thru the French Custom House, and is now at large somewhere in Europe. For that reason, if any one should, in the course of travels, run up against a middle-aged, nervous, stoop-shouldered man, of markedly mercurial spirits, who wishes to bet on the weather, he'll do well to save his money. The man is no other than Bradley, the original and only Human Barometer;—and he's betting on a sure thing.

* * *

Parachute.

WOULD you begin saving up to buy a flying machine if you were sure you wouldn't fall? Probably. The airplane never will become generally used until it is made fool-proof, with most of its danger eliminated.

Steps are being made in that direction. London experiments with this device: When a plane starts falling, the pilot jerks out a pocket parachute. As the rush of wind opens it, the safety device lifts the pilot out of the falling machine and drops him gently to earth.

The rest of us will wait until we have reasonable proof that the parachute will not fail to function at the crucial moment.

Caged Hate

(Continued From Page 17.)

man's stress of mind and distinguish between nervous irresponsibility and downright cussedness. He was incorrigible—he flared into rage and abused guards and officials, but he hardly knew what he was doing. But there were many prisoners in that place—and it was before wardens and keepers began to study prisoners and what lay behind their acts.

He became so weak that work on the rock pile was beyond question. He performed odd tasks about the big kitchen, paring potatoes and so on, when he would. At intervals his mind went trailing away and he broke prison rules without fear or thought. From punishment to hospital was the regular order of his existence. He had become used to it now. Once he spent sixty-eight days in the dungeon, living most of the time in a doze. They did not beat him. Violent forms of punishment had been done away with in that prison.

There was in effect a system under which prisoners who broke minor rules were not punished until the following Sunday—so as not to interfere with their regular work and to deprive them of a day's rest in the yard. Deputy Warden Michels held court every Sunday morning, sentencing these minor offenders to twelve, twenty-four and sometimes forty-eight hours in dungeon or from two to five hours on the bars. Came a Sunday morning when the grist of the court was larger than usual. When the guards had locked the regulation six each in the two available dark cells, they found they had one prisoner left over. The deputy warden had departed from the prison and the guards took matters into their own hands. They opened the other dark cell, in which Ellis Oakman was doing solitary, and thrust the prisoner in.

"I guess that won't break in on Michel's game," said one of the guards. "He's only got twenty-four hours to do—and Oakman's got a month. It won't hurt to give Oakman company for a day. What's the difference of one day's company to a dungeon-hound like Oakman?"

But it made considerable difference.

Oakman was lying upon the rock floor when the other prisoner was pushed into the cell. He had not seen the man and was awakened from his doze when the great door clanged shut. He sat up and rubbed his blinking eyes. Then he heard the other shuffling about the cell.

"Hello!" said Oakman, in a hoarse whisper; more of a rattling in the throat than a human voice. Long punishment in black silence had robbed him even of natural speech.

"Hello!" the newcomer called. "I saw where you were lying—I'll not step on you." His voice was pitched unnaturally high and faltered slightly—due, probably, to the strangeness of the experience.

Oakman rolled over and stretched out again while the other sought out the opposite side of the cell and sat down with his back against the wall.

"What are you doing in here?" Oakman asked after a time.

"Oh, I gave a guard some lip in the cellhouse last night," the man told him. "I only came to the prison yesterday and got sassy before I thought where I was. He took my number and this morning they put me in here. This is a nice cheerful place to spend Sunday, isn't it?"

"Well, you don't get sunstroke in here anyway," Oakman croaked in his raspy whisper.

"No, I guess not," laughed the newcomer.

"How long are you in here for?"

"Three years."

"I don't mean your time—how long did they put you in this cell for?"

"Oh—why, I've got to stay in here twenty-four hours, a whole day!"

"A whole day! That's tough, isn't it?"

"That's a long time to stay in a place like this," the other man agreed. "How long are you in here for?"

"I don't know exactly."

"How long have you been in?"

"What date is this?"

"The 16th of August."

"They put me in this dungeon on the 30th of July."

"The 30th of July!" was the exclamation, half incredulous.

The new prisoner fell silent. Possibly he thought Oakman was "kidding" him. He got up and measured out in the darkness a strip in which to pace, and Oakman dropped into a tired doze.

The other man was still pacing the dungeon when Oakman awakened. He knew the man was nervous—he could hear him muttering to himself.

"Where did you come from?" Oakman asked.

"I was sent up from Colonna," the man answered, glad for the chance of renewed conversation. "I'd only just got back into the State, too, and tried to put over a bum check—but they nailed me. I didn't intend to stay in the State any longer than I had to, either—I was going to go East on the money I got on the check, but I couldn't get by with it. Of all the 'big houses' in the world, this is the last one I wanted to come to."

Again a silence descended in the black dungeon, the new prisoner pacing noiselessly in his sock-feet. Something was probing the dulled senses of Oakman. Some old, almost forgotten, recollection was picking at the memory cells of his tired brain. Suddenly the other man spoke and Oakman sat up in keen interest—his movement and interest unseen, of course.

"Is there a man in this place by the name of Oakman?" the newcomer asked, a perceptible hesitation to his voice.

"There used to be," was the answer. Oakman talked as mildly as he could, and the other man noticed no change in the hoarse voice. "He was pardoned out three months ago," he went on.

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The thing of first importance is to send your answer to the puzzle, together with 4c in stamps AT ONCE for packing, mailing and free surprise present. You will then receive our big Auto Winning Outfit with complete details of our plan; 3 big papers worth 20c; a free surprise present of three beautiful postcards; and 2,000 Votes toward the Auto for solving the puzzle. Send your answer TODAY.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 0-4

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

"Ellis Oakman—is that the man you mean?"

"That's him—that's him!" the pacing man ejaculated. "Ellis Oakman. He was pardoned out, eh? He isn't in here any more?"

"No."

"I'm glad of that." The words were uttered more to himself than to his companion—half reflectively.

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

Had the newcomer's eyes been able to penetrate the blackness of the cell he would have seen a pair of human orbs which for ferocity might have been those of a wild animal trapped in the jungle. He didn't know, he couldn't know, that the shuffling he heard in the direction of the other man was caused by that man getting to his feet and crouching for a leap. He paced back and forth, oblivious to the hurricane of fury that was about to burst upon him. Ellis Oakman asked one more question—and his raspy voice trembled ever so slightly:

"What is your name?"

"Perry Nickerson," was the answer. "I tried to put over a phony name in Colonna, but they got me right and I'm booked——"

And the storm was upon him. Out of the blackness there fell a clawing, scratching, kicking, choking mass of humanity—as savage as a wounded leopard and so ferocious in attack as to bear the stronger man quickly to the rocks. A pair of teeth bit into the fleshy upper arm of Nickerson and talony fingers fastened upon his hot throat like thongs of steel.

A fury that had been two years in the making, a rage lying deep in the soul, like fire in the bowels of a volcano, flaring forth in an overwhelming burst—that is what Perry Nickerson had to combat in the wasted body of Ellis Oakman. He was dealing with a strength far stronger than the man's muscles—he was dealing with a destructive insanity—almost insanity anyway—that swept everything before it.

Nickerson first struggled to break the hold upon his throat, but strong as he was and as deeply as his nails dug into the bony hand, he met a resistance which gave him an idea that he was in the hands of an overwhelming strength. He felt not the teeth in his arm—death standing starkly before him brought all his thoughts to the hand that was choking out his life. Had he been able to see the frail body of his assailant, his sunken cheeks and cavernous eyes, he would have taken courage.

In the last effort he threw all his vast strength into the fight, and, when the bones and ligaments in Oakman's wrist had well-nigh been torn apart, the fingers slid from his throat—and he breathed again. With his mighty fist he unloosened Oakman's teeth from his arm. Over and over in the darkness they rolled.

They whipped and lashed about the dungeon like great birds driven by a cyclone; now on their feet, now on their knees, now on all fours or flat on the rocks — striking, strangling, kicking, biting, anything to win. Thru it all Oakman's cries came in hoarse gasps, broken by blows and gusty breathing—and Perry Nickerson knew the man he had to combat.

"You dirty skunk'" so ran his cries, broken, disjointed, "You were my friend! I trusted you! You hung around me to learn the combination of that safe! You looked over my shoulder! You got it! I knew you were guilty, but you were my friend—and I wouldn't squeal! I thought you'd come to the front when you found I was arrested! But you didn't—you wouldn't—because you're a skunk! Your life isn't worth a cent! You're worse than a thief—because you let your friends suffer for your crimes!"

And so they fought, around and around, over and over—until in the blackness they lost contact with each other's body. Like wild cats in a pit they had battled.

Suddenly both men grew cautious. They were utterly silent, striving to gain an advantage by concealing their locations. Both without shoes, their tread was catlike. They moved about the black dungeon, gliding along the walls and from side to side as quietly as mercury rises in a thermometer. They were crouched either for attack or defense; eyes boring into the hopeless darkness, muscles strained taut, teeth ground together, nostrils distended—the lust to kill written in their terrible faces. Perhaps sometimes they were no more than a few inches from each other, but by a miracle they did not touch for several minutes. Thus they rested.

Of a sdden instinct seemed to tell Nickerson that his adversary was close behind him. With a quick side step he moved away from the wall. He thought he heard a breath at about the spot he had just quitted. He sprang.

If Oakman had been where he thought him, he must have moved away at the moment Nickerson's body was in the air—for the man crashed against the steel wall of the dungeon and fell to the floor. In an instant Oakman was upon him and in another instant his fingers were again upon the throat of the stronger man.

Nickerson must have lost heart in the struggle; maybe he had been stunned by the fall or maybe the knowledge of the terrible wrong he had done Oakman weighed down his soul so that he felt retributive punishment, death, was his inescapable due. At any rate his strength seemed to wane and his fight grow steadily weaker.

He struck time after time at Oakman, but the latter, his lips curled away from his teeth in the ferocity of his struggle, poured the strength of a madman into the fingers that dug for his adversary's life. With his other bony hand he flailed in burning rage at the upturned face of the dying man. He kept up a torrent of maniacal cries and bounced the now helpless head upon the rocks and gouged his knee into Nickerson's abdomen.

With a terrible shriek he threw his last ounce of strength into the final grapple, choking so rigidly and with such frenzy that his whole arm quivered and his finger-tips seemed about to meet in the other's throbbing throat.

There was a rush of feet outside and the great door swung open. Almost as quickly as the cell was flooded with light, a guard leaped inside and beat Oakman away from the limp form of his antagonist; much as he would have clubbed a snarling wolf off a freshly killed carcass.

The guard was just in time to avert murder—a murder which would have been as fatal for Oakman as for the victim. For Nickerson, living, did what Nickerson, dead, could not have done—confessed the crime for which Oakman had been sent up.

The investigation into the dungeon battle conducted by the warden, swung open the gates for Ellis Oakman. The furious onslaught of a man whose body was a mere shadow against a powerful man in full health was a thing backed by something deeper than a mere disagreement between prisoners, and the warden would not stop until he got to the bottom of it.

He learned of the friendship that had existed between the two men; he learned of how Nickerson had visited Oakman in the Lamphill offices and spied upon him until he had learned the combination to the safe and had got an impression of the key to the offices; he learned how Oakman, doubtful at first of his friend's guilt, had come to the point where there was no doubt; he learned how he waited and waited for Nickerson, learning of his arrest, to come to the front, and he learned of the terrible hate which had grown up in Oakman's heart after he had become convinced that Nickerson knowingly was letting him suffer for the crime.

He learned of the terrible ferocity which grows up from hate cultivated in a cage.

* * *

"World's Wildest Cannibal."

TWO years previously, and in Kansas City, Margie Bray had visited the lot on which was playing one of the "greatest shows on earth." With several other vaudeville artists from a local theater she was a guest of the circus management at a dinner in the "cook house," which is the name the tent that serves as a dining hall is called.

A dinner at the circus is a treat for a vaudeville performer, for there the vaudeville artist is bound to meet some business acquaintances.

Hundreds of variety acts spend the entire summer with circuses. At the dinner one is sure to meet Lottie Gibbs of the Flying Gibbs, or Lucille McManus of the Riding McManuses, or Bobby Wiggins, hokum comedian in vaudeville in season and chief clown under the white tops in the glad summer time.

On this occasion two years ago Margie Bray met several she knew. They asked about their absent friends and they talked about how good next season looked and the new bookings that had been added to their favorite circuits. She heard with delight that one of the acrobats with the show was engaged to marry an old friend of hers. The fall would see a wedding between Joey O'Day of the Balancing O'Days and Vera Hawley, vaudeville single.

Recently Margie played Minneapolis. The circus was playing there, too. On the way to the big top Margie passed thru the sideshow. The aggregation of freaks were "showing off" for the patrons who had arrived at the lot early.

As Margie passed the cage in which "Oz, World's Wildest Cannibal," was registering savagery with hoarse growls and rumblings for a few gaping onlookers, she saw the wild man loosen his grip on the steel bars, stare fixedly in her direction and call, "Margie!"

Margie jumped. Then the wild man pulled himself together. The crisis passed. Margie continued on her way.

In the main tent a little later, Margie was thrilled at meeting none other than Vera Hawley, with the circus

"You see, it was like this," explained Vera. "I married Joey O'Day, with this show. This summer Joey kind of lost his balancing power and I was afraid he'd take a fall and get himself hurt. He's still with the show, but you'd never know it. Joey's doing 'Oz, World's Wildest Cannibal,' till his nerve comes back."

"He's doing it great," said Margie, "but he nearly stepped out of the character when he saw me."

"'Can you beat that!" exclaimed Vera. "After I telling him not to forget he was an actor even if his own mother went by. I'll hand that world's wildest cannibal something when I see him!"

* * *

"Sissies" and "Queer" Girls.

IT'S perfectly true that manners have gone out with a certain crowd. Now, when a boy has consideration and a rather formal nice manner, the younger set puts him down as a "sissy." These days a boy grabs his partner at a dance without saying a word, whirls her almost off her feet, then drops her, still without a word, and goes on to another girl. If a girl doesn't appear to like that abrupt way of doing things, the boys think she's queer.

* * *

Minister's Tribute to "Hello Girls."

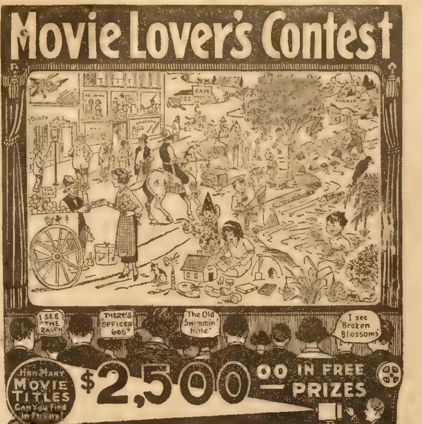
THE REV. GEORGE CRAIG STEWART, D. D., rector of St. Luke's Church, Evanston, Ill., in a tribute to telephone operators, says:

"Number, please: Uncrowned heroines of patience, gentleness, courtesy—these are our telephone operators. To sit for hours, saying 'number, please' in a pleasant voice; to give ever that soft answer which turneth away wrath; to suffer fools gladly when they bawl a number into your ear or put the baby to the mouthpiece to hear the baby babble; to say quietly, 'party on your line now,' knowing the receiver will be slammed at you; to be yelled at, howled at, denounced and derided, and yet to remember always that you are a public servant and never to lose your temper—some job.

"It is easy to criticise, but I wonder if there is any public service superior to our telephone service. And would we do not well to remember that these girls who serve us are sisters, daughters, young women of exceptional ability and charm. They must be to keep their positions. 'Number, please,' they say, but I'll venture they have your number and mine."

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 67J Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.



You May Win $1,000

HAVE YOU EVER been to the "Movies?" Sure you have many times. That's why it will be so much fun to solve this Movie Title Puzzle. Look at the picture,—there's "The Raven," "Broken Blossoms," Etc. How many more Movie Titles can you find in the puzzle picture?

The person sending in the largest list of Movies Titles represented in the puzzle picture will win first prize; second largest, second prize and so on down the prize list.

Complete List of Titles FREE!

So as to make it easy for persons not very familiar with Movie Titles we will send upon request a complete list of Movie Titles in which is included all Titles represented in the puzzle picture. Just send a postal card and say, "Send me the free List of authentic Titles and a larger copy of the Puzzle." This won't cost you a cent,—it is absolutely free.

$2,500 in Cash PRIZES

	Class B If no subscription money is sent in	Class A When $5 Subscription is sent in
1st Prize	$30.00	$1,000.00
2nd Prize	20.00	500.00
3rd Prize	15.00	250.00
4th Prize	10.00	100.00
5th Prize	5.00	50.00
6th to 10th Prize	3.00	10.00
11th to 25th Prize	1.00	5.00

EXTRA $500 Prize goes with 1st Prize under Class A.
Prize Money on Deposit at the Republic State Bank, Minneapolis

How to Win $1,000.00

If you send in the largest, nearest correct list of authentic Movie Titles represented in the picture above you will win first prize,—winning $1,000 under "Class A" (if $5 subscription order has been sent in); under "Class B" you would only win $30 first prize (when no subscription order is sent in). You can win without sending in a subscription order.

HOME FOLKS Popular Magazine

Our Magazine is published to interest everyone in the family, Dad, Mother, Sister and Brother. Stories, timely articles, current news household hints, etc., all of which is entertaining and educational. Your own subscription and one from each of four friends is all you need (total $5) to get your list of titles in Class A,—in line for the $1,000 free prize.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone living outside of Minneapolis not connected with Home Folks Magazine and The Home Co.
2. The person sending in the largest, nearest correct list of names of authentic titles of Moving Pictures represented by the objects or parts of objects, taken singly or collectively as shown in the picture, will win first prize; second nearest, second prize, etc. An object can be used but once to represent a title, but its parts may be used to represent a title.
3. Wid's (Movie authority) 1921-1922 Year Book, containing a list of 4,000 authentic Moving Picture Titles released between Sept. 1, 1915 and Sept. 1, 1921 will be used as authority. Only titles appearing in this list will be considered by the Judges. This list of 4,000 titles and a large copy of the puzzle may be had free upon request.
4. In case of ties for any prize offered, full amount of prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.
5. Three independent Judges, Elta Lenart, Book Reviewer Minneapolis Tribune; Thomas Foley, Movie Cartoonist, A. J. Zachman, Cashier Rep State Bank will decide the prize winners. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive. Winners and list of Titles winning first prize will be published at close of contest.
6. All lists of titles must be mailed not later than Nov. 30, 1922, but contestants will be permitted to "Qualify" under Class A up to Dec. 15, 1922.

These Titles May Help You!

Just to refresh your memory on Movie Titles we herewith publish a few Titles. A Complete list may be had for the asking.

Seven Swans, The
Net, The
Claw, The
Officer 666
Spotted Lily, The
Raven, The
Tale of Two Cities
Tangled Lives
Lamplighter, The
Masked Rider, The
Soul for Sale
Our Navy
Flash Light, The
Broken Blossoms
Lily and the Rose, The
My Lady's Slipper
Outcast
Police
Money Changers
Furnace, The
Night Workers
Almighty Dollar, The
American Maid, The
Ace on the Saddle
Babbling Tongues
Band Box, The
Beast, The
Bluff
Right of Way
Bought and Paid For
Brand, The
Brass Buttons
Bread
Old Swimmin' Hole, The
Plow Girl, The
Stepping Stones, The
Bait, The
Black Beauty
Blindfolded
Paid in Full
Pair of Silk Stockings
Butterfly on the Wheel, The
Bells, The
Little Cafe, The
Little Clown, The
Catspaw, The
Empty Cab, The

Write Today For Complete List of Titles—Absolutely FREE.

Copyright Home Co., 1922

THE HOME COMPANY, 913 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wool-shod Feet of Nemesis

(Concluded From Page 9)

he drank little or nothing. This abstemiousness, however, was only temporary. He liked the booze. Norris, the banker, kept his eyes on Hazard somewhat. He was frankly puzzled by the quick come-back of the hardware man; but it is not the function of your normal banker to ask questions—when he has his money or good collateral. They are the original boys at sitting tight.

ONE night almost four months after Hazard had returned he joined the poker party feeling particularly chipper. He felt so good that he began to celebrate with numbers of stiff drinks of the choice brand of whisky which was part of the equipment of the game. In the group that evening was a seventh man, a salesman introduced and vouched for by the druggist. He was a talkative fellow, of much the same type as Hazard himself. After several hours of playing, he suddenly turned to Hazard.

"Say!" he began. "You are in the hardware business, aren't you?"

Hazard nodded.

"Then you know about that fellow over in Springtown?"

"Yes," returned Hazard. "I read of it."

"Well, sir. That was a clever getaway he made. But I understand the authorities have a lead!"

It was Hazard's deal. He performed the office perfectly until the last car left his hand. This one turned face up.

"What is it?" he asked, steadily.

"Fellow told me yesterday that a certain electric company which had sold materials to the Springtown man had a way of positively identifying their goods. They're making a country-wide search for their stuff—they claim it was stolen from the store by the man who bought it."

Hazard bent over his own cards, pretending an interest in them he was far from feeling. His lips were dry but he dared not even wet them with his tongue. So far as he could see no one else had even heard the remark. But the words had been like fire to him, completely destroying his preoccupation with the game. He threw down his hand and excused himself for a moment. With his back to the others he poured out one, two, three stiff drinks of the liquor, gulping them in rapid succession. It actually steadied him for the time being. When he returned to the table the newcomer had produced a pocket flask and now tendered him another drink, to be taken from the mouth of the bottle. Hazard drank again.

In half and hour he was plainly intoxicated. Norris, the banker, frowned.

"Why can't you keep off it for a while?" he demanded.

It was nearing 2 o'clock at the time and the game broke up.

Hazard weaved his way to the store. He experienced the conventional difficulty in inserting his key in the lock. Once inside he sat down, his thoughts milling, his head whirling.

"So that was it, eh! They were going to search the numerous stores handling their line—that appliance manufacturing concern."

He began to go over in his mind the particular items that he had taken from the Springtown store which were now in his own. There was a lot of it—almost a complete line. But it was all the usual materials, incandescent lights, electric heaters, pads, toasters, plugs and fancy fixtures. There wasn't an item taken from the Springtown store of which he had not bought similar items from the same concern for the Hammondsport store. He had invoices to cover the line, tho, of course, these would not account for the total. But that had been met by the destruction of the tell-tale lists back of a certain date.

Reason as he could, however, he was unable to still the growing conviction that somewhere in his stock there might be found something that would give the clew. Far back in his store he sat fighting the thing over in his mind, striving for calmness but feeling within a rising sense of impending danger.

At the moment a man in a police uniform stopped and tried the door, peering in the window as he did so. Hazard clearly made out the figure. It threw him into a panic. He started up and all but shouted. The figure passed on. Hazard did not heed. He staggered insensate about in the dark, clawing his way thru the stock, pulling out drawers, breaking packages and fumbling their contents ineffectually with some vague idea that he might detect portions of the loot, particularly of the electric appliances, which in some way differentiated themselves from the same line ordered direct from the big Chicago house with which he dealt.

He was aware that there were on occasion minute changes in the models or the markings, some little thing not noticeable to the normal eye. But the utter hopelessness of the search eventually triumphed over the drink-benumbed senses. He had literally thousands of dollars worth of the materials, most of it hidden below stairs, much of it, however, now on actual sale.

He lurched against a box that he brought up from the basement the day before. It fell with a crash, spilling the contents over the floor. They were two-way plugs, part of the loot. He trod on one of them; it turned under his foot and he slid to the floor face downward, helpless and unable to arise.

In two minutes he was sound asleep. But the noise had awakened his wife. She came downstairs in her dressing gown and found him. It took her half an hour to get him up the stairs to bed.

AT 9 O'CLOCK next morning he was awakened by his wife. He had had a bad night and came to groggily. His eyes were bloodshot. He stared.

"Wes!" she cried in alarm. "What's the matter? You had me by the throat last night. You . . . you came in my room and tried to choke me."

Hazard struggled to his feet.

"I feel rotten," he said. "I must have been dreaming. What do you want?"

"That young salesman from Chicago is downstairs."

Hazard began to dress hurriedly.

"He's a fresh kid. You didn't let him nose around?"

"No. But he's down there now. I ran up. I wanted you. I had an awful time getting the stuff straightened up. What were you doing down there last night?"

Hazard grunted something. His wife clutched his arm fearfully.

"Wes!" she whispered. "I feel something awful is going to happen to us. I don't know . . ."

Suddenly the man gripped her arm.

"Shut up, you fool," he cautioned. "He'll hear us. I'll go down."

After a bit the two descended. The salesman was going out but stopped at sight of the couple. He walked toward them. His casual gaze noted an object under one of the stoves. He bent down and picked it up.

"How are you, Hazard?" he said

The hardware man extended his hand.

"Fair enough," he returned.

"Something I found on your floor," said the salesman. "It must have rolled under the stove." He started to hand it over but hesitated and examined the contrivance more closely. He suddenly cleared his throat. "Did you buy this direct from the house in Chicago?" he asked.

Hazard reached for the plug and studied it carefully, tho his heart was pounding. He realized that it was one in the box he had upset the night before. But the thing was precisely similar to hundreds more that he had both above and below stairs.

"Yes," he answered.

The salesman took it back.

"I was just noticing the markings," he said. "See that 'M-099'?"

Hazard felt his wife move closer. He bent over the plug.

"Yes. What about it?"

"Well, the last figure 9 is imperfect—a broken die. See? Part of the lower loop is gone."

"That's so! Well, what the devil has that got to do with the price of pork?"

Hazard looked his impatience. The young salesman swallowed.

"Just this," he returned, solemnly. "There was only one box of those two-way plugs stamped with that defective die which was shipped east of Chicago. That box went straight to Homer Sills the hardware man in Springtown."

Hazard began to laugh.

"That's good!" he exclaimed, slapping the salesman on the shoulder. "Say, you're a joker. Just a moment and I'll take a look at my invoices and show you you're wrong."

Hazard proceeded to the little office in the rear. He entered, closing the door behind him. An instant later there came the crack of a revolver.

Hazard's wife and the salesman ran back. They opened the door and found the hardware man expiring. He had shot himself thru the head.

The World at His Mercy

(Continued From Page 12)

prime necessities, and not mere luxuries, would perforce, have to be relegated into the discard, the scrap pile.

What was probably the most important problem of all, however, was the remodeling of all modern fire-fighting apparatus. This applied directly to both the fire-fighting equipment as manipulated by the firemen, and the other departments intrusted with the work of supplying an efficient water pressure at the fire hydrant.

Many factories would be crippled by the absence of the "juice," for steam could not be expected to perform all that electricity had heretofore performed even in factories. The coal-mining industry took on added impetus right away. Coal again would be king, during the absence of electricity. Therefore, after having considered nearly everything, and in their every phase, during the preceding anaylsis, it could now be truthfully said that these American republics would, in a single second of time, be literally and actually hurled backward more than a century of time as concerns things electrical. It would be to the ultimate benefit of all concerned if every one would start right in now and deny themselves, in so far as possible, in a gradual manner, the use of the many electrical household devices, against the time when we should be compelled to do without them.

And it can be truthfully said that every one fell in line and did their "bit" towards meeting the coming crisis, by providing the necessary substitutes as far as it lay within human possibility. In the meantime all the searching parties that had been sent out during the past year, scouring both land and sea in an effort to discover Martian Ray, had returned home defeated, discouraged and more puzzled than ever. Their search had borne no fruit.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAWN OF THE ELECTRICLESS ERA.

BY THE 31st of December, 2001, everything possible, that could be devised by human ingenuity, towards standing the siege that was to commence at midnight, and last for heaven alone knew how long, had been done.

In the meantime no further messages of any kind had come from the dreaded Martian Ray. Probably he was too busy nursing his grudge or in planning his vengeance to take the trouble, or bother, of wirelessing again to his unhappy and luckless victims—the people of the American republics.

In spite of the appalling crisis that was due to overtake these republics in a few hours' time, every one was joyously celebrating New Year's eve as usual, as if nothing out of the ordinary portended. Martian Ray and his diabolical creation, while not entirely effaced from the public's mind, was at least temporarily forgotten at this festive season. And why shouldn't they be festive? Perhaps this would be the last opportunity for celebrating this annual holiday season under modern conditions.

And the thing to be wondered at was that the impending crisis held no fear or terror in the minds of any one. Everybody, apparently, had resigned themselves to the inevitable destiny, or fate that was preordained at the beginning of Time. Every one, apparently, had become a fatalist; and as such faced the future, be it what it may, with a heroic smile.

Perhaps, after all, the thing that portended would not materialize. Or, if it did, would not last very long. It was the belief of learned and scientific men that the power which created the uncanny and weird phenomenon, and that was at the command of Martian Ray, was not without its limits so far as continued endurance abilities were concerned. Was it not reasonable to suppose that this power, whatever its nature, would run out, become exhausted after a given time, if allowed to continue in operation uninterruptedly? Was it not possible that once its present available supply was exhausted that its recuperating or replenishing powers would no longer function? Of course, tho, Martian Ray had persistently informed the world that his power was inexhaustible? But was it true? Might not this be simply a diplomatic statement made to frighten the public?

Punctually on the last stroke of 12, o'clock, midnight, and as the old year was drawing its last, dying breath, everything electrical—within the prescribed zone—throbbed to a slow and dead standstill. Death, too, had overtaken, overwhelmed Electricity even in the same second of time that it had overwhelmed the dying old year of 2001.

The signal that the inevitable siege had begun was apparent when the electric lights suddenly dimmed and after a flicker or two went out altogether all over the land like the blowing out of a candle with the breath.

The "war" had come; the blow had fallen; the terrible crisis was at hand; the gay new year's festivities were rudely broken up, but in some instances it affected them not at all. The festive spirit prevailed unconfined, in these instances; apparently it would take more than the superdevilish invention of fiendish Martian Ray to cower some people, especially when said people were disporting themselves so tremendously. At these times nothing short of an earthquake would make them cease their festivities.

But as everything must come to an end some time, so also, these new year's festivities came to an end early that fateful morning of Jan. 1st, 2002. Then every one turned to the new order of things, and made the best of the situation without complaint. Now that the blow had actually fallen it no longer had terrors for any one. Everybody was provided in every way for adequately meeting this new state of daily affairs.

Of course, there was much inconvenience, and a few feeble riots were precipitated by the lawless element which, however, caused no worry nor surprise. The governments had fully provided for meeting just such exigencies. The riots were soon stopped and none were ever started again. The authorities were too vigilant to allow such things to actually materialize.

One rather deplorable thing that soon developed, as a consequence of the changed order of living, was that those who could afford to do so hied themselves off to more favorable countries—

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to countries that were not under the ban of Martian Ray's vengeance.

Many went north to Canada, that is, to that part of Canada not affected; for, it should be here stated again, all that part of Canada situated and lying directly south of the 49th parallel of north latitude was affected as much as anywhere in any of the American republics. However, there is not much Canadian territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, only parts of Ontario and Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. This was the only part so affected.

Other Americans went to Europe, as that continent was now no longer in the throes of war, and it was free from the diabolical phenomenon's influence.

The West Indies, of course, were in the ostracized zone. But many of the Pacific Isles, particularly the Hawaiian group, and all those lying directly west of the 140th meridian of west longitude, were invaded by the "idle rich" and others that could afford it.

This migratory action had the effect of soon greatly depleting the American countries of its wealthy citizens, which in itself was harmful and to be deeply deplored. But what, under the circumstances, could be done to remedy this state of affairs? Nothing!

Thus the long, dark winter in the northern republics came to a gradual end.

In the interval, industrial and commercial life was proceeded with after a fashion. Many factories had been forced to close down indefinitely for the want of electricity. The Canadian factories helped to supply the demands of the countries across her border. New factories were put up on Canadian soil near available electric power to manufacture the prime necessaries of life. Canada thus very quickly came into its own again, rapidly making up the losses she had sustained in the recently ended European war in which she, as a British possession, took an active part.

The want of the electric current was now being keenly felt in another direction, namely, in the world of pleasure and sport. Now that spring was here and the long and warm summer days were at hand, the need of the current for ignition purposes on autos and motorboats was already being felt very keenly. Verily, if this unnatural and weird state of affairs continued thruout the summer months there would be no pleasure derived out of the millions of dollars' worth of autos and motorboats

Evidently, then, those that would derive some such pleasure in a modified form would have to turn to the good old-fashioned horse-driven vehicles. Those inclined to the water would have to make use of their muscle power as they plied the oars of their boats. Or they could use sails, as in the good old days.

But, perhaps, Martian Ray would take pity upon these sportive mortals and let electricity come back. If so, they would be truly thankful to him. No such luck, however, fell to their lot. Electricity continued to be absent day after day, and no manner of patient coaxing could induce it to come back. Electricians and scientists of the world-wide fame were hopelessly stumped; they could make neither head nor tail of the mysterious phenomenon; tho it occupied their entire attention and consideration they could not solve it. Many different experiments were tried, but in vain. Finally it was given up as unsolvable.

The long, hot summer days had now arrived. But, alas, there was no efficient electric fan to create cooling breezes; no swiftly moving autos for joy-riding; no gasoline or electric launches to take one out upon the cooling waters of lakes and rivers.

Natives of the southern climes now hied themselves north to Canada, where the heat was more bearable. This north country was the tourists' paradise during the summer months, and it made the most of the opportunity. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The differences that were apparent between Canada and the republics to the south of her were so great that the tourists likened the difference thusly:

It is like going from one planet to another, from one world to another, so great is the difference between them. In the south electricity and all that it stands for is practically absent. While up here all the things that electricity stands for is being made use of daily.

Many queer and puzzling situations developed all along the border. As, for instance, when autos were traveling pretty close to the line in Canada, and the turns in the roads carried them into the affected zone unknowingly, they were hopelessly stalled there, and had to be pulled, by either man power or horse power, back into immune Canadian territory before their motors again would work.

The same predicament overtook all motorboats that plied the coastal waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Likewise all motorboats in the waters of inland lakes and rivers that were geographically situated so as to be on both sides of the invisible and dreaded "border." It can readily be seen that this condition of abnormal affairs was bound to create some queer odd situations, even bordering on the fantastic and supernatural.

Summer began to wane at last and autumn with its cooler weather was at hand once more. But now, as the days began to get shorter and ever shorter with each revolution of the earth upon its axis, and the nights to grow longer and londer in proportion, the want of the electric current for at least lighting purposes was beginning to be felt rather keenly again. Gradually, in like manner, winter was fast approaching again in the northern latitudes.

The Christmas-New Year's festive season was again at hand, and still no electricity. During the past "juiceless" months the earth had about completed a full revolution along its orbit, and still Martian Ray was master of the situation.

How much longer was he going to maintain this attitude? Would he get tired and let up when the full year's time was up? Or would he continue thus, indefinitely? Well, these questions would no doubt be answered soon, for within a few days the full year would be completed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WORLD GETS AN OMINOUS ULTIMATUM.

PUNCTUALLY at midnight of Dec. 31st, when Death called to the old year, 2002, and Time ushered in the new year, 2003, Martian Ray called off his invisible "army" and Electricity came back from its year-long exile. A few electricians who had had the foresight to anticipate some such happening were ready at that hour to set in motion again their long-stilled generators, and learn thereby if the plague that had overtaken them exactly one year ago had left them.

And they were not disappointed. For, from the very start, it was easy to see that those generators were again behaving normally and naturally. And the anxiously awaiting public became aware of the glad fact as one by one the electric lighting circuits were thrown into "live" service again and the bright lights glowed with old-time splendor.

From then on it was only a matter of a few hours' time before everything electrical was again humming and throbbing merrily as ever; as if nothing had ever been wrong. The embargo had been lifted at last! Electricity was no longer a "contraband" of war—Martian Ray's war. But for how long would this happy state continue? Might it only be for a short while, until Martian Ray should learn that we were as yet unconquered?

As the night gave way to day no message from the "king of the world" had come to explain this turn of events. But, every one thought that we would doubtless hear from him before long.

New Year's Day, 2003, was one of great rejoicing all over the American continents. Rejoicing over the return of electricity Rejoicing over the apparent victory over the redoubtable Martian Ray. Everybody and everything was taking on a new lease of life. In the midst of all this happy rejoicing and festive holiday merriment no inkling of impending disaster intruded. Nobody dreamed of the world-wide supercalamity, supercrisis that was impending even now And well it was so, perhaps, if only for the sake of every one's peace of mind.

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, of Jan. 2nd, 2003, Martian Ray, the self-crowned "king of the world," was again in wireless communication, this time with the whole world. His direful and portentous message was addressed to the whole wide world, to all humanity. And the nature of this message was such that it instantly put a stop to the merrymaking and festivities that were still going on.

This message was an ultimatum, an ominous, a super-ultimatum, sent to all nations, to all creation. It was as follows:

H-e-l-l-o, A-m-e-r-i-c-a! H-e-l-l-o, E-u-r-o-p-e! H-e-l-l-o, a-l-l n-a-t-i-o-n-s! H-e-l-l-o, t-h-e w-h-o-l-e w-o-r-l-d!

I, Martian Ray, king of the world, greet you, one and all, my subjects.

I will now acquaint you all with my next order of business, and sincerely hope that you will fulfill this order to the letter, without forcing me to go to extremes to make you do so.

I demand the disarmament of all countries, all nations upon the face of the earth. And the scrapping of all narmy and naval equipment.

I want that you turn all your cannon and guns and swords and all other war-machines into tools and implements for carrying on peaceful, industrial and commercial occupations.

I would want that you turn all your warships into peaceful merchant or passenger ships.

But, alas, I know this course will not be very easy to follow. Warships cannot very readily be made over into merchant ships.

Therefore, it is my royal wish and command that every warship upon the waters of this globe, from the submarine and destroyer to the mightiest superdreadnaught, be assembled in one, grand and final review or pageant over the deepest point of the Atlantic Ocean, and be totally destroyed—sunk.

I have decided that this point, or place, while not the deepest, perhaps, which is to be the graveyard of all the earth's navies, shall be at the 50th parallel of north latitude and the 30th meridian of west longitude in the North Atlantic Ocean.

I am ordering this total disarmament for the express purpose of ensuring a state of perpetual peace among all nations.

Also, every fort, every land fortification must be destroyed beyond possibility of reconstruction. And every army must disband. Every soldier must be set free to return to peaceful labor—to civil life.

Everything that stands for war must be destroyed. I will have no more war upon the face of this planet which I rule and govern alone.

Take careful warning, all ye rulers of the world nations, and every citizen, too, that ye fully obey my order by sending all—every last one—warships to the already mentioned position by March 13th next. Let every war vessel be there by sunrise of that day.

This is the day I have selected for the "execution" of all such ships. On that day my submarine, Conqueror, will be there to act as the "executioner" thru the hands of my royal representative who will be on board to officiate and direct the ceremony.

Of course, a sufficient number of passenger liners will have to accompany the warships to their "execution" for the purpose of taking off the crews of the doomed ships once the latter are in readiness to take their farewell dive into the ocean's depths. I do not want any human life sacrificed while this ceremony is being performed.

The ships must all be sunk by opening wide their sea-cocks. This will take some time to accomplish. To make sure that none escape, my submarine will stand by with her torpedoes to dispatch the stubborn ones

But I fully warn you all not to attempt any treachery towards my submarine. Heaven have pity and mercy upon you, for I'll have none.

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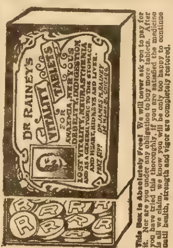
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Betty Blue Eyes is 13 inches tall, has curly brown hair, nice little lace trimmed organdie dress; slippers and stockings. Also the cutest little sweater cap. Surely there is nothing that would delight the heart of a little girl any more than this wonder doll.

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> if you should try any tricks. This should be enough on this matter.
>
> And now for penalty, the punishment that will inevitably be yours if the vital matter outlined above is not duly carried out in full:
>
> If total disarmament, both ashore and afloat, thruout all the world's nations, is not carried out I will cause death. Death, slow perhaps, but none the less sure and certain, to overtake all forms of life upon the earth.
>
> Think well before you decide to disobey, or disregard this royal mandate of
>
> MARTIAN RAY, King of the World.

THE above was the message that made the whole world stand aghast with alarm and wonderment as to what was going to happen next. For it was instantly foreseen by every one that Martian Ray's latest demand would never be agreed to.

What was the nature of the dire calamity, the supermenace which was hinted at? What next terrible thing was due to startle, threaten and alarm—and perhaps really happen—the innocent inhabitants of this grand old universe? What devilish thing had he control of now, that it had the power of annihilating all forms of life upon the earth? What horrible, diabolical power in addition to that other weird power already demonstrated? Or was it all a monumental bluff?

Surely he had now demanded more than was to be expected, more than was reasonable—more than any normal minded being would dare demand, no matter what unearthly power he might have at his command to menace the world with. Altho he had already attempted some rather large tasks, and successfully accomplished them, in the recent past, would he be able to also accomplish this new one hinted at by him? Would he be really able to accomplish the well-nigh impossible task of disarming all the nations of the world? If so, he could then be rightly called a "miracle maker."

But what alarmed all humanity with appalling force was: What kind of a menace was he now holding over us? What was the nature of the thing that was going to kill us all, if his royal command for world-wide disarmament was not duly complied with? These were the questions that were on the lips of all. No one could even hazard an answer. It was easy to guess, tho, that it was not by means of the same mystic power that affected electricity. For, while this power had such dire and far-reaching effects, it had not, apparently, the ability to entirely destroy all forms of life upon the earth. Therefore the thing that now threatened was of an altogether different nature, obviously.

The next phase of this direful impending situation was: What were the world nations—the world governments—going to do about this latest demand from the "king of the world?" Martian Ray was now no longer a myth, as the whole world could testify. He had fully demonstrated his actual, real person as existing somewhere upon this planet. And all his other vaunted powers had been fully demonstrated to all humanity. Hence was it not possible and probable that he really controlled some other mysterious power, which was more terrible, more destructive, more annihilating and deadly than the other one already demonstrated?

But, as the weeks passed, and the fatal 13th of March was drawing inevitably closer day by day, nothing whatever was done by any of the world nations in regards to the order to disarm all armies and all navies. It was easy to see that not one government took serious notice of the order. Or if any did they kept it to themselves. Perhaps they all had adopted a policy of "watchful waiting."

Finally the 13th of March arrived. Not one warship, as far as known, was at the appointed place to meet its doom at the hands of Martian Ray's agent on his submarine. It was not even known whether his submarine was there or not.

Would the threatened menace now overwhelm the earth and its helpless inhabitants? Would Martian Ray now let loose his deadly, annihilating vengeance?

The whole world waited expectantly and with bated breath for the next development in the world-drama, for the next act o. Martian Ray's regime.

And the world had not long to wait for—what? The beginning of the end!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLIMAX TO MARTIAN RAY'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

TWELVE o'clock, noon, of next day, March 14, brought another wireless message from the dreaded and thrice-accursed Martian Ray.

This latest message from the mysterious man—or devil—who styled himself the ruler of all the world, was short, terse and to the point; and full of dire, portentous forebodings for all creation:

> It is with great regret and sorrow that I have learned that not one of the world's nations has complied with my command, with my royal decree to disarm all armies and all navies. Therefore, the terrible consequences are upon your own heads. You were fully warned. I can but say to you that your disobedience has called down upon the whole world an unrelenting, terrible vengeance that shall overwhelm all people, all animals, and all other forms of life all over the world.
>
> In a very short time you will all be crying to me for mercy and pity. But, then, perhaps, it will be too late.
>
> In a very short time you will all be eager and willing to do that which I have commanded in order to escape the Death that will certainly be stalking over all the earth. Then, perhaps, you will agree to do anything that I may command.
>
> You had better begin right now to meet your Maker, for at sunrise tomorrow morning—March 15th—I shall set in motion the machinery which will send Death to every corner of the earth, overtaking everybody and everything. The process may be slow, perhaps, but sure and certain, nevertheless.
>
> It may take a week, or a month, or even two months, but eventually no one shall escape—not even I.
>
> MARTIAN RAY, King of the World.

There! The end of the world was at hand, according to Martian Ray. And he himself was the one who was going to set in motion the fatal machinery to accomplish that untimely, unnatural end.

What, in the name of Satan, was the nature of the diabolical thing that was going to destroy all life upon this world? And would there really be no escaping it? Would it actually be all-powerful and beyond resisting or fighting against?

Well, there was nothing to do in the circumstances, beyond waiting calmly and patiently for the inevitable. Perhaps, after all, a merciful Providence would intervene and prevent such a catastrophe as contemplated by the fiendish Martian Ray.

The days succeeding March 15th grew into weeks and still there was no outward sign or manifestation of anything abnormal taking place in the world. Had Martian Ray's plans failed to materialize. Had they miscarried? Or was the impending process of world-wide annihilation a slow one that had not yet reached the stage to be felt or noticed by the public? Not even that other weird power of his that affected the electrical world was apparent anywhere on the face of the earth.

The only thing that was manifestly out of time and place was the weather—the seasons. But, of course, no one attributed this abnormal meteorological condition to Martian Ray's activities. It entered no one's mind that, perhaps, this abnormal weather condition was caused by him; and that it was but his intended way of bringing about the end of all life on the world. It was all attributed to natural phenomena. And not to man-made, man-created phenomena. No one dreamt that a human being could have the power to so drastically bring about such an unseasonable weather condition as was by now apparent all over the world.

The month of June was at hand; therefore, at least in the northern latitudes—in the Temperate Zone—it was the beginning of the summer season. But no summer was apparent! When spring had passed, the natural season to follow in sequence was summer with its long, warm days, causing vegetable life to sprout forth in hundreds of forms and shapes from the earth, which in turn would provide food for human and animal consumption during the next winter season.

But this year of 2003 no such happy thing was apparent in the kingdom of vegetation. And, worst of all, this was the case all over the known world-and not merely restricted to certain districts. The Torrid Zone suffered in common with the Temperate and Frigid Zones.

Spring had come and gone with its usual brand of weather. The tillers of the soil had plowed and sowed their fields as usual; so far there was nothing out of the ordinary apparent to any one.

It was just as the summer season was at hand that unlooked for things began to happen all over the world. These unlooked for things made every one stand aghast in wonderment and perplexity. No one could understand the phenomenon at all. In addition to other possibilities, which were direful and appalling enough, the menace of a world-wide famine was being made apparent to everybody as the days went by without a let-up in the abnormal weather conditions.

Late and unprecedented frosts soon overwhelmed all growing vegetation in every quarter of the globe. Things that had sprouted forth from their seeds were instantly killed by these frosts. And other forms of vegetable life, like the fruit trees, that had arrived at the blossoming stage were mercilessly withered by the icy-cold hand of "Jack Frost." Every blossom was frozen dead—thereby rendered impotent; they no longer had the power to bring forth the fruit which nature intended they should.

The outlook was a grave and direful one. There would be no harvest of any kind next fall. Therefore, starvation—grim and sinister—faced the whole wide world.

Part seven, the next installment, will conclude this interesting serial story. Those who have read the strange story to its present stage will surely be delighted to know that the big, world-baffling mystery will be entirely cleared up when Martian Ray tells his wonderful story, which he will do in the closing chapters, in the Ledger next week.

Wooden Spoil

(Continued From Page 13)

taille came clambering down from the box. He opened the door, and a gust of wind drove the whirling snow within.

The Seigneur of St. Boniface was lying huddled up in a corner of the seat under the whitening wolf skins. With a loud cry Robitaille flung himself upon his knees before him and began chafing his hands.

"My master! My old master!" he quavered.

Madeleine could only watch helplessly. The coach had stopped beneath the pines, and there was no one within sound or sight. Between the tree trunks shone the last rays of the sinking sun.

The Seigneur's hands were cold. The indrawn breaths grew feeble. Robitaille stared in anguish into the face, already waxen and set.

Closing the door, Madeleine began running back along the road in the direction of St. Boniface for aid. But Robitaille never stirred from his position in front of his dying lord.

"Listen, my master," mumbled the old servant. "Forty-five years I've served you, and if your time has come I'm going with you. Can you hear me, old master?"

There was a flicker of the Seigneur's eyelids. Robitaille crouched lower and held the icy hands in his own.

"We're going together, old master," he said. "I've served you faithfully. Forty-five years I've served you, as a boy and man, Monsieur Edmond. I always said we'd go together, old master."

But since the Seigneur said nothing, and heard him no longer, Robitaille was contented to kneel there in the coach until his old knees gave under him, and he plunged forward upon his hands and lay like a faithful hound at the Seigneur's feet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DUPONT REMEMBERS.

BROUSSEAU was seated in the library of the gaudy house when a tall old man came to the door. He reconnoitered, recognized Captain Dupont, and admitted him.

Since the exposure Brousseau had hardly left his room. He sat there, haggard, crushed, planning, scheming to get back that which seemed slipping inexorably from his grasp. Consumed with furious hate of Hilary, he seemed inhibited from action by the very vehemence of his will.

The Seigneur's sudden death the day before had added a new complication, and Brousseau felt that it was not to his advantage, even tho it seemed to leave Madeleine more helpless.

"He's sailing for Quebec tomorrow evening," said the Captain. "I am to take him with a schooner-load of lumber."

"Askew?" queried Brousseau sharply.

"Yes, Monsieur. He came to me late this afternoon. His horse was all in a sweat. He must have driven like the devil. He told me to sail tomorrow night, whether the hold's full or empty."

Brousseau was staggered. If Hilary was going to Quebec immediately, it must be to lay those papers, which he had sought vainly in his desk, before the police. He saw the prison walls closing about him. And to the great

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hate he bore Hilary was added the lust for liberty.

He must have the papers. Lafe Connell knew besides, but Lafe could be laughed at, once the papers were his own. His plan began to take shape. If Hilary were out of the way and the documents destroyed he could yet win Madeleine, achieve his dream of becoming Seigneur, his life ambition.

"Dupont," he said, "you and I have always been on good terms. You refused to break your contract with the St. Boniface Company. But I guess you see differently now."

Dupont clenched his fists. "I've sworn to kill him," he whispered. "I've held my peace. I talked with him face to face tonight, and he never knew the devil that was sitting in my throat, telling me to make an end."

"Can you keep that devil of yours silent till you have him on board?" asked Brousseau.

Dupont pulled at his tangled beard and nodded. Brousseau, watching him, knew that the madness which held him would carry him to the end. "Who are your crew?" he asked.

"Drouin, Lachance, and Georges Martin."

"Two men are enough. I have two good men for you in place of them. Listen carefully, Dupont."

Marie, sleeping overhead, heard her father drive up in a sleigh that night, and there was whispering at the door. That frightened her. Another thing that alarmed her was his way of entering. Usually he would stamp into the house, as if on board; but now he came in furtively, and she could hardly hear his stealthy movements below. She wondered what was portending. Of late he had watched her more keenly than ever, and had been more silent.

She slept by starts, and awakened at dawn to hear a stealthy step outside her door. In the dim light she saw her father bending over her bed. She sat up, stretching out her arms as if to ward off something. In her confused condition between sleep and waking she had fancied for a moment that he held something in his hand—a knife or a revolver.

But she saw that he held nothing. He was staring into her eyes, as if to read her secret thoughts.

"Tonight I go to Quebec," said Dupont. "I shall be aboard all day. I may not return."

He had said the same thing before his last voyage, and she had listened, unbelieving, but indifferent if it were true. Now the words terrified her no less than his demeanor, and for the first time she wondered whether he knew of her journey with Pierre.

He would never believe her story. It would have aroused all the old madness in him, if he had known. But he could not know.

"You will come back," she stammered. "You will be back before the river closes. Then we shall be together here thru the winter. We shall be happier than in the past. And we——"

"The name!" he cried, seizing her by the shoulders. "Tell me now! I wait no longer!"

The old obstinate look came on her face. Her remorse and pity instantly died. She compressed her lips and was silent.

"The name! Thou shalt tell me! I should have beaten thee when thou wast a child. But I shall not beat thee now, for I can compel thee to tell me. The name! The name!"

She remained silent and utterly quiescent. So strong had the inhibition grown that she could not have told, had she been willing to do so, save under the impulse of some overpowering mental shock. And, armed by the years, she grew calm as he grew violent, and her mind passed under the domination of the old habit.

He let her go and stood beside her, pulling at his gray beard and smiling. Marie had never seen her father smile at such a time before. And there came into her mind an idea which had never seemed possible, that some day she might yield up her secret. The mental inhibition of a lifetime was breaking under the stress.

Dupont strode toward the door, stopped there, and looked back.

"I go now to the schooner," he said. "I shall be aboard till we sail this evening. If thou come to me before I sail and tell me the name, I give thee his life, one life for another."

"What life? What other?" cried the girl wildly.

"Dost thou think I do not know," he cried, "of Monsieur Askew and thee, or that Mademoiselle has broken her betrothal with him because of thee?" He turned toward her with a menacing gesture. "The name!" he thundered.

She cowered under his words, and the name now trembled upon her lips. But before she spoke it Dupont was gone.

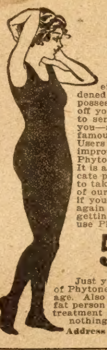
HE WAS gone, and she was alone in the gray of the morning, watching the gray sea heave under a brightening sky, as she had watched it all her life. And her father's appearance in her room seemed unreal as a dream.

All day she watched him from the cottage, busy about his ship, piling the logs on deck. All day she waited, stunned, and incapable of action, repeating over and over in her mind her father's words, whose meaning was unintelligible to her. Yet St. Boniface remained unchanged in that ruin that had come upon her. Men laughed noisily as they strolled from their work at noon, children shouted at play; the hum of the mill was a soft undertone accompanying the horror in her heart. It seemed incredible that St. Boniface could know nothing, when the whole universe was crying out against her.

It was late in the afternoon when she saw two figures slouch from the obscurity of the shore beyond the wharf and slink toward the vessel. She recognized Pierre and Leblanc. And in a moment she understood the meaning of their appearance. Murder was being planned, against Hilary, who had saved her. She watched them go on board, paralyzed with fear.

Then the power for action, returning, shattered the paralysis of will that held her. She ran bareheaded from the cottage, thru the streets of St. Boniface, toward the chateau. She must get help there; her thoughts turned instinctively thither, as St. Boniface had always turned for aid toward its Seigneur.

Madeleine, seated in her room, with her memories of her dead, heard the door bell jangle. She went down, to see Marie in the hall. At the sight of the girl a feeling of repulsion, wild and unreason-



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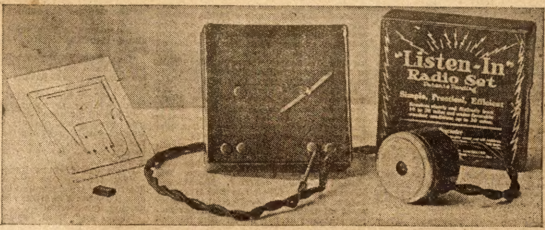

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able, stiffened her, but, when she looked into her face, she spoke gently.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Mademoiselle," stammered the girl, "they are planning to kill him."

"Whom?"

"Monsieur Askew, who saved me from Pierre that day. Mademoiselle, I have only now learned what they say—of him and me. It is not true. And they are going to murder him. I came to you to save him."

"Where is he?"

"He is going on board tonight. Perhaps he is there now. Pierre and Leblanc are waiting for him there——"

"Wait here!" cried Madeleine.

She ran back into the chateau, put on her coat and hat, and took a revolver which had lain for many years unused in a drawer of a cabinet. She hurried to the stable, harnessed the horse, and brought the sleigh to the door. She motioned to Marie to enter, leaped in, and took the reins, and the two girls started along the road thru the forest.

It was a difficult journey thru the deep snow. Often the horse floundered knee-deep in the drifts, and the way seemed endless; but near the village the snow was trampled hard, and the sleigh went like the wind. Neither of the girls spoke, but before the eyes of each was the same dreadful picture.

At last they emerged from the forest and crossed the bridge. The hum of the mill had ceased, and had been succeeded by another sound, well-known to dwellers along the St. Lawrence shores when winter arrives; the stirring of the ice floes as the impending storm drives them together to their long winter anchorage.

It came out of the east, at first a whisper, as of wind in the pines, then a hissing, grinding sound that spread from cape to cape along the river bank and filled the intervening bays with its reverberations. It was the herald of winter, the clasping of the ice king's manacles upon his captive. And now, as the wind rose, the gulf water heaved up its icy burden, and the colliding floes chased one another thru the open channel, gradually coming to rest along the edge of the extending ice drift.

The sleigh went madly along the wharf, which groaned and creaked as the ice battered it on either side. Madeleine sprang from the sleigh and ran on board the schooner, which was already moving.

As Marie descended to follow her she saw that it was too late. There was an increasing space between the wharf and the deck. She hesitated, and then it was impossible to follow. For a moment she thought she saw Madeleine threading the narrow passage between the piles of lumber; then the darkness closed about her.

The pulleys creaked. The mainsail and foresail swung upward and bellied in the wind. The two gafftopsails gleamed like white birds against the night.

Then only the sails remained. They turned and shifted, disappearing and appearing again elusively, until they blended with the fog and the darkness and vanished finally.

The horse, left uncontrolled, swung round and galloped homeward, trailing the empty sleigh behind him. Marie stood shuddering at the end of the wharf. For a while she stared out in terror toward the invisible schooner, lost in the distance. She could see nothing, but she could still hear the roar of the wind in the rigging and the flapping of the great sails.

Presently, with a low cry, she turned and began running homeward. She staggered into the cottage and sank down before the stove, crouching there.

* * * * * * * *

When Hilary reached the wharf it was already dark. He had been recognized by no one on the way. He went straight aboard the schooner, and found Dupont on deck.

"When do you start?" he asked.

"Immediately, Monsieur," replied the captain quietly.

The schooner contained a tiny cabin in the forecastle. Between this and the poop, in the open bottom, was piled the lumber, secured with chains, and stacked high above the sides.

"Im going below," said Hilary, turning away. He did not want to look upon St. Boniface again.

He put his foot upon the top rung of the ladder that led down to the forecastle. As he did so he felt a stunning blow upon the back of the head. He staggered, slipped, and fell down the ladder into the little open space before the cabin.

Half dazed, he was barely conscious of seeing the grinning faces of Pierre and Leblanc stare into his. His overcoat was torn from his back, his pockets emptied. He waited for the knife thrust, but only kicks followed. He was lifted and thrown into the cabin.

The outlaws had run back to assist Dupont in getting up the sails. It was not Brousseau's plan to dispatch him within hearing of the shore.

He heard the sails being hoisted, and felt the schooner moving from the wharf. Then he heard a low cry and saw Madeleine upon her knees before him.

She bent her face to his, whispering that she loved him, pleading for forgiveness, and beseeching him to rise. And Hilary opened his eyes to discover that the vision was reality.

He staggered to his feet and stood swaying in the middle of the cabin, while she kept her arms about him. He began to remember. He knew where he was now. Madeleine thrust the revolver into his hand.

"They have planned to murder you!" she cried. "I learned of it and brought this. You must not die, Hilary, now that we love each other."

He broke the revolver. It was empty, and the bore so eaten away with rust that to have fired it would have been more dangerous to the shooter than to his object of aim. He saw the horror on the girl's face as she made the discovery.

"I did not think about the cartridges," she cried. "I heard you were in danger and I seized it and came to you. What shall we do? I am going to die with you."

"We are not going to die," he answered. But he felt a trickle of blood in his eyes. He pulled himself together to face the situation, thinking with all the concentration of which his mind was capable.

The next installment will conclude this entertaining story. As Hilary and Madeleine, at this stage of the narrative, are left in the most dangerous and thrilling situation that the reader has yet found them, the closing chapters are bound to be of extreme interest. Get next week's Ledger and finish the story.

* * *

For Love of a Hick

(Concluded From Page 15.)

Money—she had no money—but she must have money. Dan must be saved.

She stared about her. A horrible bleary-eyed man approached, winked at her meaningly, beckoned craftily. Lottie's heart contracted. Money! she must have money! The man's loose lips worked evil. She stared at him, fascinated. He was quite near. Drops of cold sweat gathered on her livid lips. Suddenly she flung up her hands, covered her white face, sought to blot out that crafty evil face. Something cut into the soft flesh of her cheek. Her heart leaped in her breast. The diamond, that wee bit of a microscopic diamond. She shook in an agony of relief. Money! The diamond spelled money! Dan was saved!

Somehow, she never knew how, she was on a cross street, before a dingy door, at the sign of the three balls; somehow the wee bit of a diamond was gone, in its place there was a ticket. She was going home. Dan was saved!

It was past twilight when the train puffed into the station. Lottie hurried from the coach, her feet tripping over themselves in her frantic haste. The station was oddly deserted. She glanced sharply about. The place was strangely void of those idle hangers on that usually meet all trains. A sharp, nameless terror clutched at her heart. She hurried into the street. No one was about. She began to run, her breath sobbing in her throat.

A man, a feeble crippled man, stood on a corner, his hand to his ear. There was a strained morbid eagerness on his wizened face. Lottie sickened. She clutched his sleeve.

"What is it? What is it?" she gasped in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Mob—gone after that soldier fellow," said the man, rolling the words with a hideous smack on his cracked lips. "Going to get him out of jail and lynch him. He killed a——"

But the girl was gone. With starting eyes and sobbing breath she fled thru the darkening streets. A little prayer bubbled thru her dry lips; she, who had never prayed, prayed God to put her there in time, to save Dan, to spare him!

A block, two blocks—there is only one more block. The jail, hideous little red brick structure with iron bars on the river's edge, looms up before her. She sobs out with joy at the sight. Almost instantly the chill of death strikes her. It is so silent; so hideously silent. She beats her way up the narrow steps, flings herself against the iron grating of the door, starts back with anguished cry. A man lies, bleeding from many wounds, on the floor. His eyes opened at her frantic beatings, he stared at her.

"Gone! to the square! They have taken him to the square!" he gasped thru bloodless lips, and fell back senseless on the floor.

The girl was already gone. The square, three blocks. She stumbled on. Hoarse cries came to her ears; the low, hideous mutterings of beastly voices, ferocious; that horrible unmistakable mutter of a bloodthirsty, vengeful mob. Again the girl, who sped thru the deserted streets, prayed for strength, for breath to go on; begged God to release the coil of flaming steel that was pressing her knees into the ground; prayed God to remove the bands of fire that beat at the base of her skull; stumbled, blindly, sobbing on.

The square, made hideous by a hundred torches in maddened hands. The square, a sea of scrouging, tossing humanity, stark mad with blood lust. The square, stampeded by a milling, shrieking mass of men and women led by a bloated, bleary-eyed old man, old Pete; by a shrill-tongued, wolfish virago, Marthy; by a pack of scrawny, snarling, snapping young uns, the brats! And in the center Dan—silent, dazed, his wide blue eyes, the blue of the open sky, hurt, incredulous—his wrists bound, about his neck a cheap hemp rope, suspended to an electric light pole above his head.

"Lynch him, the murderer!" screamed old Pete, in a tantrum of fury.

"Lynch him, the murderer!" screamed Marthy in a tantrum of greater fury.

"Lynch him, the murderer!" screamed the brats in their own little tantrums of fury.

"Lynch him, the murderer!" screamed hundreds of voices, catching fire.

"No, no; he is innocent! He is innocent!"

A white-faced girl with torn garments and wildly flashing eyes fights her way thru the crowd, drunk as it is with madness; flings herself on the broad breast of the prisoner.

"Lottie!" cried old Pete in dismay, throwing up his hands. "Not dead?"

"Lottie!" echoed Marthy and the brats. "You are not dead?"

"It is the girl! She was not murdered! She's not dead!"

The news spread like wild fire thru the crowd.

"There's been a mistake! A terrible mistake!" cried a voice. Other voices took up the cry.

"Release him! He's innocent!"

Eager hands tore at the rope, unbound the prisoner's wrists.

"Lottie, you sneak," screamed old Pete, "where have you been? I'll beat you to death for this!"

"Let me at her!" cried Marthy furiously. "I'll learn her to play such tricks!"

"Let me at her!" screamed the brats in unison.

Old Pete stretched out a hand trembling with anger; snatched at the girl's sleeve. A brawny fist closed like steel about his wrist.

"Touch one hair of her head, old man," cried Dan, the soldier, thru his teeth, "and I'll break you in bits."

Old Pete howled with pain, fell back a step, nursed his injured wrist. Marthy and the brats glared like wolves.

"The soldiers! the soldiers are coming!" screamed every one.

Instantly the mob took to its heals, slunk into the night, vanished noiselessly.

"Dan, Dan, were you trifling with me? Did you ask me on a bet?" wailed Lottie from Dan's breast pocket where she had buried her face.

"A bet? Trifling?" cried Dan blankly. "I don't know what you mean."

"I see it all now," sobbed Lottie. "It was that false, deceitful Pearl; she wanted you herself, she fooled me and I fell for it. Oh, Dan, I was such a gump to fall for it. Do you want a gump for a wife?"

Dan's arms tightened about her.

"You suit me," he said cheerfully. "I don't know what a gump is, but if you're one, it's what I've always wanted, Lottie, darling, for a wife!"

"Come on," cried Lottie hysterically. "Let's go! I'm off to the farm to raise ducks and geese and chickens and flowers—and—and—hicks!"

* * *

Winding the Clock.

WINDING a clock by merely opening and shutting the door is the latest idea of perpetual motion put out by a Hamburg firm.

* * *

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

The White Steamer Puzzle.

330—One of our editors has purchased what he calls a tin-can on wheels, but which looks to us like an automobile, externally at least. He is just leaving with it on a two-weeks tour. Granting that he can make one hundred miles the first day, and granting that the dissolution of the thing will be so complete and rapid that it can make each day but 80 per cent of the previous day's distance, how far dare this editor go before turning around and coming back so that he can get out the Blade on time?

—

Beheadings and Curtailings.

331—Behead and curtail the following words and change:

1. To decrease and have a club used in playing ball.
2. To remain and have to command.
3. To misuse and have a common abbreviation for a carriage holding many persons.
4. An adjective meaning sharp and have the result of using something sharp.
5. Farewell and have to perish.
6. Separate and have equality of value.
7. To change for the better and have adult male persons.
8. To know and have a contest carried on by force.

—

Five-word Square.

332—1. A language of Europe.
2. A large body of water.
3. To make a counter argument.
4. A dressing for fish or pudding.
5. To go into.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

327—Charade.

Tom-a-hawk.

328—Jumbled Spices.

1. Ginger. 2. Nutmeg. 3. Sage. 4. Mace. 5. Cloves. 6. Allspice. 7. Mustard.

—

329—Concealed Word Square.

C H A N T
H O S E A
A S P E N
N E E D S
T A N S Y

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

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PATENTS—PROTECT YOUR RIGHTS. Before disclosing invention write for booklet and blank form Evidence of Conception to be signed, witnessed and returned with rough sketch or model of your idea, upon receipt of which I will promptly give opinion of patentable nature and instructions. No charge for preliminary advice. Highest references. Prompt, personal attention. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

FREE—$10 WATCH, LADIES' OR GENT'S, gold hunting case. Ford Watch Co., B., Winona, Minn.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

HOMESTEAD LANDS

FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks, raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit. Deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfork, Ark.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALLROOM TO HELL."—Mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers, prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

BOOKS, MAGIC TRICKS, NOVELTIES

FREE—JOKE, PUZZLE OR DREAMBOOK with 120 page catalogue of books and magic tricks. Send 10c postage. Chelsea, Station R, Box 24, New York.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

SONGS POEMS WANTED

MELODY PUBLISHING CORP., ROOT Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., needs songwriters for its staff of authors and composers. Members of staff pay no fees. Write Staff Manager at once.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN—AGENTS! UNUSUAL OPPORtunity, $50 to $125 weekly. Semiautomatic Double Vaccup Washers, easily attached to tub. No cleats or posts; air pressure and suction. Superior to power machines in many ways. Easily carried; sells on sight. Guaranteed success. Selling plans, advertising free. Extremely liberal terms. Write Burlingame Mfg. Co., Dept. 19, Syracuse, N. Y.

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25 to $100 a week during spare time taking orders for famous line of Purex products—soaps, toilet articles, etc., to write for free sample case offer and money making proposition. Purex Co., 2029 Bissell St., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE $300.00 TO $500.00 MONTH DISTRIButing Speedoline; permanent work; exclusive territory; automobile free. Write for particulars. Speedoline Co., Dept. 216, Dallas, Texas.

SALESMEN ACT QUICK. TEN PATENTED auto necessities. Spark plugs, visors, windshield cleaners, hose clamps, etc. Generous commissions. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214, Sta. C. Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permament business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 88, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

TAILORING SALESMEN: MAKE $75.00 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear, Chicago, Inc., Dept. 162, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MAKE $60 TO $100 WEEKLY selling Coffield tire protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 3-year guarantee. Big commissions. Lansing made $562 in July; Ackerman made $519. No capital required. Write Coffield Tire Protector Co., 258 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

RISK A POSTAL AND LEARN HOW TO start profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept., 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS: ENORMOUS PROFITS, PERmanent repeat business, exclusive territory, selling highest quality products at low prices. Every sale 500% profit. Cocoanut oil shampoo, soaps, perfumes, extracts, combination sets, etc. B. Verdina Company, 16 East 13th, New York.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36-68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

WE NEED MORE MEN TO BECOME FIRE protection experts. We teach you free and show you how to make $10.00 to $20.00 a day right in your own neighborhood. Write today. The Fyr-Fyter Co., 901 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

JACO SANITARY STROPS SELL ON sight to everyone using combs. Three dozen $3.60 delivered; easily sell for $9.00. $5.40 profit sure every day. Get particulars quick. Jay Company, 103 Jay Building, Washington, New Jersey.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU. GET OUR STRICTly legitimate scheme, "Valuable Secrets for Ladies Only." Brings hundreds of quarters. Nothing to buy, nothing to sell. Plan and instructions sent for 25c. Aladdin Mfg. Co., 9 So. Clinton, Chicago.

AGENTS. SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big profits. Quick repeaters. Free instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. H, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, QUICK FOR exclusive territory. 240 foods, household necessities. New—sell on sight. Big profits. Hard made $62.05 in 3½ hours. Get our free sample case offer. Dept. 2, E. C. Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

BRAND NEW ONE: WANTED, STATE and county representatives; your chance establish permanent business; send 75c for sample and avoid delay; money refunded. "Hawkins Mfg. Company," Pasadena, California.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 62, Fairfield, Iowa.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN-PIECE soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B, Third Ave., New York.

WONDERFUL PATENTED INVENTION. Ends tire troubles. Blow-outs eliminated, punctures forgotten. Agents, big profits. Write for sample. Car owners give size. Mr. Doublewear, 716 Madison, Chicago.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 508 Broadway, New York.

LIGHTNING—STRANGE BATTERY COMpound startles the world. Better than sulphuric acid. Charges discharged batteries instantly. Gallon free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN, Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

OUR AGENTS MAKE $12 TO $20 EVERY day and are getting it with new invention that sells to everybody. Low price. Pocket sample. Write Edward Suren Company, 25 N. Dearborn street, Chicago.

UNIVERSAL NECESSITY — BIG MONEY-maker. Article not "worked to death" by agents. Send $3.75 for outfit. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Moulton Umbrella Co., Wilmington, Ohio.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WORLD'S FASTEST AGENT'S SELLER. 300% profit. Needed in every home and store. Establish permanent business. Premier Mfg. Co., 803 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED TO TAKE ORDERS FOR U. S. Army officers' and civilian shoes. At factory prices. United States Army Shoe Corp., Dept. R, Westfield, Massachusetts.

AGENTS: MAKE 100%, TOILET ARTICLES, perfumes, extracts, household necessities. Sample case free. LaDerma Co., Dept. B, Main & Walnut, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS. FIFTY-FIVE FAST SELLERS; needed in every home. $5 to $15 a day easily made. B. & G. Rubber Co., 618 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., Dept. 198.

ANY ACTIVE PERSON CAN ADVERTISE, mail and distribute circulars; no capital required; outfit free. Send 6c postage. Ideal Co., Lakemills, Wis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW INVENTION; REDUCES GAS BILLS 50%; big money for agents, write quick. Allied Products, Box 7615, Waterloo, Iowa.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN FOR DEtective work. We pay you salary. We are no school. Write us; enclose stamp. Douglas Detective Agency, Winston-Salem, N. C.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

$135 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN-BOYS OVER 17. GET U. S. GOVERNment positions. $90-$195 month. Steady. No strikes. No layoffs. Pleasant work. Short hours. Paid vacation. Common education sufficient. Experience unnecessary. Many examinations coming. List free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K26, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY. EXpenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS HELP. MEN —women over 17. $92-$190 month. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J26, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Con't.)

MEN WANTED TO TAKE UP FINGER print work. Experience unnecessary. Write for particulars explaining guaranteed position. Universal Finger Print System, Dept. FE, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed positions. J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, Dept. DE, St. Louis, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS. $35 WEEK. BEcome automobile experts. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP KOSSE FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Company, Suite 358, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

WE HAVE ROOM FOR A FEW MORE AT $1 a month to complete our pool from which, with good reasons, we expect to make each $1 grow to $1,000 in 3 to 4 months. If you want part of this snap address J. B. Kiernan, Beatty, Nevada.

MONEY IN GRAIN. $12.50 BUYS GUARantees on 10,000 bu. wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400; etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$100,000 PROFIT ON INVESTMENT OF 16 cents daily for ten months in which you get deed to five acres genuine oil land. Particulars free. Gulf Realty Company, 333 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

DOGS—PETS

DOG OWNERS, AMATEUR OR PROFESsional. Here is your opportunity. New book, "Care of Dogs," free; contains helpful instructive information on feeding, training, diseases. Every dog owner needs it. Book mailed free with a 3 months trial subscription to Sportsman's Digest, America's popular illustrated dog and hunting magazine. Send 25c today (coin or stamps). Sportsman's Digest Publishing Co., 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

OLD COINS

MAIL THIS SLIP WITH YOUR NAME AND address and 10 cents and you'll get a large U. S. copper cent nearly as big as half dollar and large 60 page illustrated coin catalog. You'll find it fascinating and profitable. Send now. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. Y, Fort Worth, Texas. Largest rare coin establishment in the United States.

PERSONAL

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00; superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 267½ West 7th, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1866 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

GET ACQUAINTED—MARRY WELL. LAdies and gentlemen everywhere will exchange jolly letters. List free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results. Write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS—LAdies and gentlemen desiring marriage. Stamp appreciated. Bureau, 233, Champaign, Ill.

MARRY — WORLD'S LEADING CORREspondence Club for lonely people. Many rich. Quick results. Lists free. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

THOUSANDS AFFECTIONATE LADIES want husbands. Descriptions, introductions, particulars free. Sealed. Many wealthy. Hall's Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MIDDLE AGE WIDOW, WORTH $6,000. Owns grocery and dwelling, desires honest, loyal husband. Mrs. P., care Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET BUSY, BOYS! WEALTHY PRETTY girl wants a husband. Write, enclosing stamped envelope. Lillian Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS GIRL, 20, WORTH $40,000, wants kind helping husband. Write quick for standing picture and description. Box 223, Los Angeles, Calif.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published; free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

LIST OF GIRLS WISHING CORRESPONDence, 10c; Friendship paper, 10c. S. K. Girard, Pawtucket, R. I.

BUSINESS MAN; GOOD HEALTH; SOME wealth. Ladies write me. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY, WRITE me, marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 305, 86, San Francisco.

WANT NEW FRIENDS? WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN correspondents. Introductions 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S. W., England.

SWEETHEART BLUES—DON'T BE LONEsome, make new friends. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

HAVE TRUE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE, receive letters, postcards, pictures, sample 10c. Evergreen Magazine, Reynoldsville, Pa.

YOUNG LADY WORTH $48,000 WOULD marry. Write: Care B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

MEET NEW FRIENDS THRU THE INTROduction of Billie Wood, 4144 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BACHELOR, 40, WORTH $30,000, WANTS wife. G-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WOULD YOU MARRY LADY WORTH $80,000, pretty? Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

MARRY RICH; MANY ANXIOUS; LIST free. Select Club, Rapid City, S. Dak.

WAR WIDOW, 28, COMFORTABLE, WOULD marry. Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Ernest B. Sanders.

J. P. Sanders, 1008 Taylor St., Durham, N. C., wishes to hear from or concerning son, Ernest B. Sanders, 15 years old. Last heard from in Concord, N. C., on November 13th, 1921. Height, 5 ft.; weight, 85 lbs.; black hair, dark brown eyes; slender build and his two upper front teeth are slightly lapped. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received.

C. J. Compan, care M. & M. R., Fort Myers, Fla., wishes to hear from or concerning Mary Calloway, 27 years old. Last heard from on East Third St., Alton, Ill., 10 years ago. She has very black hair and a florid complexion. Information regarding her present address will be appreciated.

Sammie: All my letters came back and I am in despair. Please come home to mother. —M. S.

How to Make Money at Home in Spare Time!

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Why Not Make It Yourself—Right at Home, This New Way?

IS THE more-money problem worrying you? Does it seem as if the rent comes due oftener, that the children's clothes wear out quicker, the family bills pile up higher than before?

Does it seem as if the dollars simply will not stretch to meet the bills and still get the things you need and want?

Think what it would mean, then, to be able to earn at home the extra amounts you need for the little luxuries you desire. Think of having always at hand a means of turning your spare hours into money!

If you are ambitious, if you want more money, if you have some spare time each week, plus the will-to-work and a degree of adaptability you CAN turn your spare hours into dollars by knitting Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks at home on the Auto Knitter.

Miss Eunice A. Fox, a New Hampshire woman who is the only support of her aged father, was becoming really alarmed about her financial affairs. Then an Auto Knitter advertisement showed her the way to make extra money without giving up her little Gift Shop business. Nearly five years ago she secured a machine, learned to use it, and soon began to clear up the burdensome debts that had accumulated. She has used her Auto Knitter earnings to put electricity and new plumbing in her house and to paint and paper it; to pay a large doctor's bill; to buy rugs; and to purchase necessary clothing for her father and herself. All with money earned in the privacy of her home, in spare time.

Mrs. Banghman, a Kansas housewife, wanted to make extra dollars for some of the labor-saving home conveniences she had long wanted. When she heard of Auto Knitting she felt sure she had found the right way—and so it proved. After working with the machine about a year, Mrs. Banghman has realized many of her desires, among them a kitchen cabinet costing $60, an electric vacuum cleaner and a sewing machine motor. Her spare time work with the Auto Knitter paid for all of these, and in addition has brought her several hundred dollars in cash.

Five years ago Mr. W. M. Irving, of Missouri, was having a hard time making both ends meet. Then he found out about the spare time money he could make with an Auto Knitter. He secured a machine and has used it regularly ever since to add to his income. Auto Knitting has enabled him to give his family many comforts and conveniences—such as a set of library furniture, a typewriter, clothing and shoes. He has also used his earnings to make payments on the home where he now lives, and to build a satisfying bank account.

These are but a few of the many people who are turning spare hours into cash with the Auto Knitter. Many workers whom we prefer to class as exceptional report much larger earnings than those we mention. The earnings vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount be large or small it is most welcome and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Guaranteed Price for Standard Products

You are given a Five Year Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling, then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

More Than $100,000.00 a Year Being Paid to Workers

To workers who are taking advantage of the Work Contract, we are now paying earnings at the rate of more than $100,000.00 per year. In addition to this, we are shipping workers more than $625,000 worth of fine Olde Tyme Wool Yarn.

From these workers, we are receiving Old Tyme Wool Socks at the rate of more than a million pairs per year. This does not include the large numbers made by workers and sold to their own trade. This immense number of pairs are received at the factory, where they are sorted and shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnishers and general stores.

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

Positive Proof of Success

The large volume of socks received shows that Auto Knitting is not an exclusive accomplishment, confined to the abilities of the few, but a profitable home occupation that can be successfully entered by the average individual.

Do You Want a Share of This Money?

Would you like to receive checks in your mail, paying you for spare time effort at home? Would you like to have a portion of this money that is being paid to Auto Knitter workers? Would you like to be one of the successful Auto Knitter owners who have banished their more-money worries and who have always at hand a means of turning their spare moments into money?

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

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Boyce's Weeklies, 10-7-22